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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Peace delegates are here, and the conference is expected to begin work on Monday. There has, of course, been a continuous stream of rumours, always on wondrous good authority, as to what is going to happen. Only a silly person will trouble to read stuff of that sort. There is nothing to do or say but quietly wait and see what happens. Expressions of opinion on what ought to happen or what one would like to happen are a little worse than out of place now. The matter is in a way sub judice, and only the parties to the cause have a right to speak. Sir E. Grey told the House on Wednesday definitely that the Ambassadors of the Powers would meet in London shortly for an informal exchange of views. It would not be a conference in the diplomatic sense. Should a formal meeting prove desirable, it will be held in Paris, M. Poincaré having first suggested a conference.

It is, at any rate, of good omen that the Powers are willing to meet at all, as Sir E. Grey said. They cannot regard matters as past discussion, or they would not come here to discuss. We all know how great a difference a personal meeting makes. A few men face to face will settle anything that can be settled and that they wish to settle. If they part without agreement, it means either that no common term could be found, or that one or more came into conference with minds already made up on important points, which one need not expect in this case. But there must be only a few round the table; a large committee may differ finally on matters the most easily arranged. Sir E. Grey has scored a success, and at least we may hope for a good deal from it. Meantime the Triple Alliance has been renewed. All the Powers take the announcement coolly enough, because all expected it.

Germany's tone throughout has been exemplary. It is naturally easier for Berlin to be calm in this crisis than for Vienna; but it seems a pity Vienna cannot be rather less nervy. It is also a pity that French newspapers cannot restrain themselves from silly outbursts. The irritable temper some of them show because they think they see England and Germany drawing together really suggests the plaint of a jealous mistress. Can they not see that such a tone is a humiliating confession of weakness? They complain that the Entente is unenergetic compared with the Alliance. But an entente and an alliance are not the same things.

The Nationalists' new affection for England could not stand the strain of the Union Jack on Thursday. It might be the game to lip-love England and the Empire over here, but to have to fly the Union Jack in Ireland, that was too much. The truth would out then; and Nationalist indignation burst forth. Mr. MacVeagh jeered at the flag, and Mr. Birrell explained that after all it is very modern. But the amendment was not thrown away; oh! no: it will serve a capital purpose. Against Mr. Redmond's protestation of loyalty and love we hold up his friends' welcome to the British flag. In that light their rejection of it shows clear cut. This will tell more with meetings than many speeches.

There is a point worth mentioning about this aborted Committee debate: from the first evening to the last there was not a single speech which could be described as obstruction. We are sure that if this were put to any of the clerks at the table or to the Speaker—nor must we in fairness omit the Chairman—they would agree with this. Obstruction, which alone justifies the use of the gag and guillotine, is a perfectly definite parliamentary device which has often been resorted to by the Irish, and sometimes by sections of the Liberals and Conservatives. It is a very difficult business, requiring presence of mind—and presence of person—and, as a fact, there is not the machinery on our benches for obstruction at the present time, even were there the desire.

The Prime Minister therefore has crushed out and smashed up debate and free speech in Parliament with-

out even the excuse of the tyrant. It is the most cynical act of political despotism that stands to the credit of a Prime Minister in England. Mr. Asquith's repressive legislation in Parliament deserves to rank in history with Sidmouth's repressive legislation outside Parliament; but there is this difference—Sidmouth and his Six Acts were absolutely called for through the dangers of the day, whereas Mr. Asquith has acted without the slightest excuse of the kind.

The Government poodles have done another exemplary week's work over this Home Rule Bill, trotting in and out between the Lobbies and the tea and smoking rooms at the crack of the whip. There has broken out not a bark nor a low growl among the whole pack in the House itself since the problem of the money has been solved by putting its head under the guillotine. Mr. Lloyd George's "Sometimes I stroll in to see what is going on" still holds the field as the saying that perfectly expresses the attitude of Ministers towards their own measure.

Cruft, we suppose, will shift his next dog show from Islington to North S. Pancras. There he will find at least a new judge for the poodle class—Mr. Joseph Martin, Liberal M.P. for the division. Mr. Martin has just admitted that the present race of these Home Rule poodles, poodles that the Government take about on strings, are a poor lot—though we fear he votes among them in the House! He declines to yap for the Government, unless he thinks the Government is right. The poodle is, however, not quite such a degraded dog as Mr. Martin would make him out by comparing him with the rank and file of the Government party. We have lately come across one that finds truffles for a poor man in the most wonderful way. Moreover, the poodle is often a humane kind of dog with a dash of something very much like that which we style reason.

We suspect that what has hurt the Liberal strain of poodles, which Mr. Martin so disapproves of, is too much in-breeding. The Whips of the party have neglected to introduce some new blood into their kennels at Westminster. They have got a strain, no doubt, that is now very much to their liking. The poodles of the party, with ribbons round their necks, look very nice to the Ministerial eye as they sit in the carriages of their mistresses, or run most tractably to heel when their masters take them out for an airing. But they want character: they want a little dog devilry. Most men have a sneaking admiration for the dog that now and then breaks bounds and goes out for a hunt of its own.

The Ministerial poodles, in truth, want just a touch of independence. We think some of the conversation between Cæsar and Luath rather apposite—especially Cæsar's reply to Luath's innocent notion that his friends go a-parliamentin for Britain's guid:

"Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! Guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying aye or no 's they bid him."

The glaring iniquities of the Home Rule closure are to be doubled with Welsh Disestablishment. Up till now Friday has been a close time for big Bills. It is now the chosen time for the furthest reaching clauses of the meanest little Bill ever introduced. This is all that the Liberal Churchmen in the Commons have got for their pains. Half a dozen of them, if they had had the courage of their convictions, could have destroyed the Bill in the first fortnight. Instead of that they have held two or three futile meetings and put down a few compromising amendments. The Government, gauging them at their proper value, is consistently ignoring their half-hearted protests. Clauses 3 and 4, the critical clauses of dismemberment and disendowment, are given three or four hours of gagged discussion apiece.

What do the Liberal Churchmen think outside? Not even the Bishop of Birmingham has anything to say for dismemberment. Is this the reason that the House is not even allowed to discuss it? And as for disendowment, the protests of Liberal Churchmen in the country, and of Nonconformists as well, have been like leaves in autumn. All the answer that they have got so far is the most drastic closure resolution that has ever been inflicted upon the House. However, nothing but the Irish Nationalist vote saved the Government on the disendowment amendment, their majority falling to fifty. So some Liberal Churchmen and some Nonconformists did back their protests with their votes.

The "jackals" are still being hunted by the best and boldest of the Tory hounds, and this week has found Major Archer-Shee in full cry on quite a hot scent in Surrey. He asked the Prime Minister on Monday whether he could say if the Secret Land Committee was carrying on investigations in that county.

Mr. Asquith: "I have no information which would enable me to answer the question".

What could better bear out what we said last week, that the Prime Minister hates the Secret Land Inquiry and hates people asking him about it—asking him the simplest, most innocent questions which could be answered by a plain "yes" or "no" with all the ease in the world!

Not getting his "yes" or "no", Major Archer-Shee, quite rightly, went on to worry the Government slightly. He asked, would Mr. Asquith ask the Committee to investigate the case of a large estate at Hindhead being laid down in grass for a deer park by a Radical landlord? And whether in this case the pheasant would replace the peasant, or the peasant the pheasant? No answer of course! Our own idea is that trainloads of deer fetched from Scotland—as we suppose they would be in such a case—and plumped down on the clays of Surrey would probably in the end get hoof disease and die out; but of course that is not our affair. Moreover, a Radical landlord has just as much right, as doubtless Major Archer-Shee would admit, to have deer in his park as to have butlers in his pantry. We assure the Radical landlord that we should be the last to look over his park fence with a grudge.

Indeed Demos has a perfect right to deer as Demos has to dinner. What we dislike, and what probably Major Archer-Shee dislikes, is not Demos deer-shooting or dining but Demos pretending that only tyrant Tories do these things—and, by doing them, in some unexplained manner, dispossess the poor. The thing is most ungentle hypocrisy.

The other day, by the way, as we passed through the district which Major Archer-Shee asked the Prime Minister about, we chanced to see Demos preparing for the chase; and it must be said that some of these fortunate ones on the Radical side know how to do themselves and their friends really well. They also often know how to do their followers well. One was much struck by the way in which Demos in Surrey dressed not only his beaters or keepers in fine grey and red, but, apparently, even his "stops". It seems almost like a return to the merry days of Robin Hood. Pheasants ought to feel gratified to be shot by such a landlord.

On Tuesday Form IV. came up in the House once again, and once again the Chancellor of the Exchequer was assiduous in his attention to his "Parliamentary Duties"—flinging dust out of the "National Cinderheap" into the eyes of people. The judges declared the famous threat in Form IV. illegal. We all understand illegal to mean illegal, and there was a natural demand that the form should be withdrawn—after millions of copies of it had already been sent out. Mr. Lloyd George was heckled by Mr. Cassel this week about this

form and also Forms V. and VIII., which have been condemned by the judges. Is it true they were illegal? The plain man can make nothing, of course, of the reply: he is not meant to make anything of it; it is dust from the cinderheap to get into his eyes.

"The action in question", ran the reply, "was in respect of a form the use of which has been discontinued for some time. The Department concerned fully realises the importance of issuing only such forms as are in conformity with the law, and I do not propose to take any further steps in the matter." And an instant or two later, heckled further by Mr. Cassel, he goes on to declare of one or all three of these same condemned forms, issued in millions, that they "have not been declared illegal . . . it was purely a question of the date of issue". So much for little Welsh attorneyism! But Mr. King, the outright Radical M.P., put the thing in its real light: "Whether illegal or not", said he amid laughter, "have not these forms brought in a great deal of interesting information?" There you have the whole thing without hypocrisy.

Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons on Wednesday that Sir Francis Bridgeman had retired for "reasons of ill-health"—that "the withdrawal of so distinguished an officer was only tempered by the fact that no difference of view or policy had led to disagreement". Five minutes later he was forced to explain that Sir Francis had been dismissed. Lord Charles Beresford had pressed Mr. Churchill hard; so that Mr. Churchill began to wonder whether Lord Charles and Sir Francis had been exchanging notes. "Are you speaking on behalf of an officer?" asked Mr. Churchill, thus putting the Opposition upon a hot scent. Thereafter Lord Charles followed Mr. Churchill in the manner of Bunyan's hero: "Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth, and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess at you: is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fairspeech?" Mr. Churchill on Thursday tried to abolish the distinction between resigning spontaneously and being asked to resign; but he was unsuccessful. The Government has confessed.

Full discussion at Westminster of Canada's gift of Dreadnoughts must, of courtesy, be postponed till after the debates at Ottawa. But Mr. Asquith has assured the House that the Canadian Dreadnoughts will not affect Mr. Churchill's programme. This definite announcement is certainly the best form our "warm appreciation and heartfelt gratitude" can take. Mr. Asquith did well to round upon Mr. Keir Hardie on Tuesday. Canada's Dreadnoughts are, for Mr. Keir Hardie, a gift-horse. He desired to know whether the Labour men in Canada were with the Canadian Government in building Dreadnoughts. "That", Mr. Asquith rapped, "is entirely a matter for the Canadian Parliament."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a different plan from Mr. Borden's for the Navy—or navies—of Canada. In the Canadian House of Commons on Thursday he proposed that Canada should build a fleet for the Atlantic and a fleet for the Pacific—one Dreadnought to be the largest unit of each fleet. The ships, he urged, should be built in Canada, manned from Canada, and kept entirely distinct from the British Navy. Sir Wilfrid, in his speech, dwelled principally upon the withdrawal of British ships from foreign waters. England, he argued, is making all safe at home: it is Canada's plain duty to provide for their own coasts. Sir Wilfrid divides the Empire into sections, each section viewing the problem of its defence as a thing apart. It is of a piece with the separatist tendencies he has shown before; and with his dictum that Canada need not be fighting because England is at war.

Lord Crewe must look to his facts. An elementary acquaintance with the history of Indian tariffs would have saved him from the astonishing statement that

no party leader had ever based his Indian policy on anything but the good of India and its wants. The story of the cotton duties shows a persistent and repeated disregard of those interests, under parliamentary pressure from Manchester, by Liberal as well as Conservative Viceroy in the face of opposition from their own Councils. Lord Crewe should look up the existing tariff, and ask why, by the act of a Liberal Viceroy, cotton goods pay only 3½ per cent.; why yarn is free; and why Indian mills are taxed on their production. The general rate on other commodities is 5 per cent., with no countervailing excise. This attack on Mr. Bonar Law is just a bid, open and unashamed, for the Lancashire vote at the expense, once again, of the Indian industry.

The North Eastern Railway strike is absolutely indefensible, and it is one of the most flagrant acts of suicide which trade unionists have rushed into committing so frequently in recent years. What leaps to the eye is that a railway company may be entirely right, and their servants entirely wrong, and yet there may be a strike not only local, of the men directly concerned, but an immediate attempt at a coup de main to drive the head officials against their judgment to declare a general strike. When there is talk of any future strike, as Mr. Thomas M.P. talked to the Industrial Council last week, the first thing to be remembered against the railwaymen will be that some of them resorted to this abominable expedient for engine-driver Knox.

Mr. Chester Jones, the London magistrate, has been appointed to inquire whether there are grounds for recommending the Crown to grant a pardon to Knox. This means he is to inquire as to the reasonableness of the case for conviction. Railwaymen with sense and self-control, and with leaders equal to their position, would have understood at once that to obtain this inquiry was their true objective. Is the country to be disturbed and trade ruined because an engine-driver is convicted for drunkenness? If Knox was wrongly convicted, and the strike ends with his reinstatement, no principle will be vindicated. If he was rightly convicted, the "individual liberty" claim still remains open. The whole thing is wanton economic waste and social anarchy.

The division ballots of the British Medical Association are going steadily against service under the Insurance Act. The position will not be clear till results are discussed and accepted at the representative meeting fixed for 21 December. Meantime a small body of doctors are preparing to offer themselves as ready to accept service should the B.M.A. refuse. Very foolishly some of the Radical newspapers are taking what comfort they can from these secessions, and indirectly urging the Government to note that a minority of doctors are ready to form panels. Whatever the end, it would be disastrous to try working the Act in defiance of a big majority of the profession.

Now the Committee on Sir Stuart Samuel's seat have to consider their Report, they will be very conscious of the truth of Mr. Asquith's saying at the lawyers' dinner given to him on his Premiership: Sooner or later everyone at the Bar has to reckon with Danckwerts. Though there are many trained lawyers on the Committee, some of whom will be, and all of whom might be Judges, it is very clear after Mr. Danckwerts' complicated arguments that the proper tribunal would have been a Law Court, and not a Committee.

Perhaps Mr. Danckwerts' most unexpected argument was that even if the Contract Act 1782 applied to the circumstances of the short loans, the India Council and Treasury Bills, and the silver purchase, the seat would not be vacated. All that would happen, it was urged, would be that the member is disqualified from sitting and voting while the contract is going on. This

is said to be the effect of the Act of Union of 1801 adapting the Statutes of Great Britain to the new United Kingdom Parliament.

The Marconi Inquiry wants speeding up. It has been sitting for several weeks; but has not yet really come to grips with the main task. The more serious charges against Ministers of the Government have not yet been touched. Further discussion as to the comparative merits of the Poulsen and the Marconi systems seems at this stage unnecessary. Experts have disagreed; but it seems fairly clear that the Poulsen system was not as fully considered by the Post Office as their technical advisers would have wished. If this old ground is to be covered afresh with every succeeding witness, important matters will have to be scamped later on, unless the Committee propose to sit for several years. Almost it seemed on Monday that the Committee, examining Mr. Taylor, meant seriously to close. But they began over again on Wednesday.

Mr. Taylor was staff engineer when the Department was negotiating with the Marconi Company. On 15 December he was at a meeting of the Advisory Committee, when the contract was discussed. On 21 December he bought shares in the Marconi Company. On 19 March he sold them at a profit of 50 per cent. Mr. Taylor did not, at the time when he was technical adviser to the Wireless Department, use his position to support the claims of the Marconi Company, in which he was a shareholder. Had he done so, as Mr. Herbert Samuel said in his letter of reproof, his "retention in the public service would have been impossible". Mr. Taylor has been severely reprimanded and reduced in rank. It does not appear that Mr. Taylor was altogether aware of the position in which he was placing himself. He seems to have slipped partly from ignorance, and partly from lack of delicacy—precisely as the Government slipped in their dealings with Messrs. Montagu.

Sir Roger Casement informed the Putumayo Committee on his giving fresh evidence that Señor Arana was being banqueted on 5 November by the commercial inhabitants of Iquitos. The present liquidator of the Peruvian Amazon Company informed his admirers that his unanimous appointment by the British shareholders proved that nothing had happened to discredit his good name. Is it not time that the application to the Court to remove him should come to something? Nothing has been heard of it for weeks.

Sir George Darwin, the Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, was one of the notable sons of the cousins Charles Darwin and the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood. He was only less distinguished in mathematical researches into astronomical and geological history than his master, Lord Kelvin. Some of his theoretical investigations, for instance into the tides, had a practical value, and the practical astronomy at Cambridge owed much to his activity; though he was essentially of the pure mathematical type. Yet he was called to the Bar; but with very different results from the call of Fletcher Moulton, the Senior Wrangler of 1868, when Darwin himself was Second Wrangler. Without implying anything, we may mention that Kelvin was Second Wrangler in Parkinson's year. He also thought of going to the Bar, but changed his mind.

The Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's will definitely oppose the County Council scheme for a subway under Cannon Street and the Churchyard; and the Corporation of London will support them. The precise degree of risk to the Cathedral is not easily estimated; but it is very real. The construction of the subway means a gradual draining and drying of the soil beneath the Cathedral, similar to what occurred under Holy Trinity Church when the Kingsway tunnel was built. Holy Trinity was split through.

MR. BORDEN TO THE RESCUE.

THE genesis of the Admiralty memorandum of last week is given in the covering letter of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which says that it has been prepared, on the instructions of his Majesty's Government, in compliance with the request of Mr. Borden. Thus prepared it could contain no word of criticism of a Government which in less than seven years has imperilled vast Imperial interests. And yet, reading between the lines, what a condemnation it affords of the huge errors of policy which have led up to the present state of affairs. The immense growth of the German Navy is traced, but it is not stated that all the great spurts in that growth followed the examples in disarmament set by the Radical Government, which were the redemption of a fatuous Albert Hall speech, worthy of old Exeter Hall days, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman about the noble mission of England to lead the world in a crusade against armaments. Now that the Admiralty have adopted the argument of their critics, not a word is said as to the immense distinction between a local command of the sea in home waters and a general command of the sea defending the whole of our scattered Empire and trade. There is no hint that for some six years the Government have been arguing as if these two things were synonymous. If they had not been so arguing, why did the Prime Minister set up a new standard, vociferously approved by Mr. Winston Churchill, to the effect that distant Powers could be ruled out, and that we had only to consider the naval forces that might attack "this island"? Now we are frankly told that in 1915 Great Britain will possess thirty-five Dreadnought-era large armoured ships to fifty-one for Europe, and with this new situation our power to send ships away from home waters to the Mediterranean or elsewhere will be diminished. Even now it is doubtful if the Admiralty realise the full extent of the danger the Empire has incurred. For instance, the Admiralty state that "four battle-cruisers and four armoured cruisers will be required to support British interests in the Mediterranean during the years 1913 and 1914. During those years the navies of Austria and Italy will gradually increase in strength, until in 1915 they will each possess a formidable fleet of four and six Dreadnought battleships respectively, together with strong battleships of the pre-Dreadnought types and other units such as cruisers, torpedo craft etc. It is evident, therefore, that in the year 1915 our squadron of four battle-cruisers and four armoured cruisers will not suffice to fulfil our requirements, and its whole composition must be reconsidered". Is this even now a fair statement of the dangerous situation our Government has led us into? For Austria seven Dreadnought battleships have been authorised, and the Minister of Marine has officially stated that all seven will be ready in 1915. In an earlier paragraph emphasis is laid on the fact that in 1915 Great Britain will still have "a good superiority" over Germany in battleships and armoured cruisers of the pre-Dreadnought era. Why then does not the Admiralty, when dealing with the Triple Alliance, frankly state that in 1915 the Triple Alliance will have a margin over us in these older classes? If these vessels are to be counted when we compare with Germany alone, surely they ought still more to be counted when we consider Germany reinforced by her Mediterranean allies. The fact is that the Admiralty are in some doubt whether full revelation of our dangers and difficulties is advisable, for they are in the midst of two crises which they themselves have created by their subservience to the party exigencies of the Radicals. The first is a congestion of shipbuilding and an increase in the cost, which was repeatedly predicted by at least one of their critics in 1909 and 1910 as likely to occur in 1912 and 1913. In the second place, the cost of manning is mounting up, and owing to actual reductions and failure to make gradual increases in the list of personnel, it is impossible to get all the officers and men

that will be necessary in 1915. This is the direction along which Germany is pushing her expansion with feverish energy, for her 1913 estimates show an increase of personnel of 12,082 officers and men over those of 1911 or two years before. As the Admiralty memorandum states, practically four-fifths of the available German fleet is to be maintained in full commission instantly ready for war. It may be taken as certain that the preparations of Austria and Italy will advance *pari passu* with those of their ally, and that consequently the British Empire will be menaced in 1915 by the gravest crisis since the days when nearly all Europe intervened to crush us in the War of American Independence. We are utterly at a loss to understand the easy optimism of leading statesmen and editors in this country with regard to the action of Italy. It is openly stated that we have an understanding with that country dating from 1887. This mythical understanding, which is held to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance if we are at war with Germany and Austria, is one which the late Sir Charles Dilke used to insist on a great deal. The truth was given by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords on 18 July 1902, when he stated that there had been a mere exchange of views between the Governments in 1887 which showed that their ideas on the maintenance of the status quo in the Mediterranean "were identical, or, at any rate, closely resembled one another". That was all, and since then Italy has been one of the Powers which has completely broken down the Mediterranean situation as it existed in 1887. The weaker the British Navy the stronger will be the temptation not only for Italy, but for Spain as well, to throw in her lot with Germany. In these circumstances, when neither political party in England rises to the heights demanded by the situation, we rejoice that the leadership has been taken out of our hands by Mr. Borden. England has been in travail a long time, said Frederick the Great, and at last she has produced a man. He spoke of Chatham, to whom we owe Canada. We may paraphrase the saying in regard to the Empire and Mr. Borden. For the time being Ottawa is the capital of our Empire, for thence has come the impulse to do our duty and the call which is echoing throughout the Empire. Possibly it may also lead to some thought of the greatness of controlling one united Navy, which is not only British but Canadian as well, rather than pursue the contemplated idea of separate and allied navies under different Admiralties. Mr. Borden, statesman as he has proved himself to be, has met the danger facing us all by action, and the more academic question of one navy versus separate but allied navies he has relegated to discussion in the future.

THE N.E.R. STRIKE.

NOTHING could have been more unfortunate than the outbreak of the railway strike on the North Eastern Railway. It has, indeed, no reasons or causes behind it which place it on a level with the ordinary industrial dispute. The grounds on which the men have come out are, to say the least of it, peculiar; the strike has disregarded all contract arrangements entered into by the company and the trade union; the response to the demand for a general strike has been meagre, and the men's leaders have themselves taken the most active part in disowning and discouraging the action of the strikers themselves.

Indeed, if some malicious spirit had been consulted as to the best means of prejudicing trades unionism in the eyes of the country, of ruining large classes of estimable individuals, and of giving the real anti-unionists a weapon with which they might smite the advocates of trades unionism, he would certainly have advised the present strike. The strikers have on their side neither right nor might, and they will damage the cause of trades unionism without benefiting a

single individual. Their leaders are opposed to them, the public is opposed to them, and no one has had a word to say for this violent and unauthorised action except a few thousands of syndicalists in the North who were profoundly disappointed by the railway settlement of the summer before last. The mining syndicalists in Wales had a six weeks' strike, and so secured some experience of what the general strike means. The railway syndicalists had a three days' strike, a strike which was suddenly settled by large concessions on the railway owners' side. The mere fact of the settlement did not please the extremists, and there has been in consequence a large body of opinion in the railway world which has been steadily looking for trouble. The result is the strike for "the right to get drunk", to use the chaste terminology by which the modern Press expresses the popular view.

For our own part, we are even more concerned with the blow to trades unionism which this development entails than with the merits of the case itself. Railway companies, of course, must act on definite rules, and cannot re-try cases which have been placed before the magistrates. Neither, for that matter, can the Home Office inquiry re-try the case. If an injustice has been perpetrated, engine-driver Knox is in no worse case than, say, an eminent surgeon who has been by mistake arrested for being intoxicated in Regent Street. If you are to hold that judicial decisions must be reconsidered, not on their merits, but on the number of people who desire to see the verdict set aside, you come back to the Rooseveltian suggestion that law as well as policy is to be decided by majorities. The truth of the matter is that no one holds such an absurd view. The public, always sensitive on any point which affects its own safety, does not hold it; the railway companies do not hold it; the men's leaders do not hold it; no one, in fact, holds it except a few personal friends of engine-driver Knox, and a large number of people on the North Eastern Railway who can only be described, in the phrase, as being "out for trouble". As a result, the men will be soundly beaten, and probably will lose their places, as they deserve to do; and the fact that the North Eastern Railway alone have for years given recognition to the trades union principle, and have had more trouble on their railway since than all the other companies combined, will reasonably be used as a standing example against the recognition of trades unions in labour disputes.

For the moment, then, the genuine friends of the trades union movement in this country are silenced. They cannot excuse the action taken in this dispute, and must bear with the insinuations of those who are only too glad to grasp any excuse for damning the movement as a whole. In these circumstances the real appeal must lie to the general commonsense of the country. One course alone is possible. The syndicalist movement, which has manifested itself in the present strike, must be broken; but no advantage must be taken of the trades union collapse which is bound to follow the failure of the strike. The leaders of the present movement, who are not recognised at all in the trades union world, must be taught that there are limitations to their successful activities, but it would be neither fair nor expedient that their insane conduct should prejudice the conception, which we believe on the whole to be a true one, that the stronger the union the better the chance of industrial justice and industrial peace. The Unionist party has always in these matters taken a perfectly clear and decided line. It has always, from Disraeli onwards, welcomed the growth of the trades union movement in so far as that movement was designed to raise wages and to improve the condition of workers. It has, indeed, persistently made itself the friend of the legitimate activities of the trades union movement, and no party will be more severely hit by this insane outbreak than the Unionist representatives in Parliament. It is no pleasure to Toryism to see trades unions cutting their own throats and damaging in

consequence the interests which they are sworn to defend.

We would make this clear because the Labour party are about to exploit in their way Unionist criticisms of the Trades Union Bill No. 2. Proceedings in Grand Committee have this great advantage for people who wish to tell lies in that there is no official report. The trades union leaders are, as a matter of fact, in no way enamoured of the Government Bill, and it is extremely doubtful whether, now that it is almost through Committee, it will not yet be killed by its friends. But in any case Mr. Ramsay Macdonald would like the odium to be on the Tories. "Let the Bill die, but let Earl Winterton have the discredit of killing it" is the official view of the Labour party. We do not believe that the Tory party will be so foolish as to fall into this very obvious trap, or that the attempt to represent them in the country as the enemies of the whole trades unionist movement will meet with any real success. Social reformers, on the contrary, see in the present outbreak in the North nothing except the weakness of trades union organisation. The leaders know that the ground of conflict is ill-chosen, and that the effort is bound to fail. But they have been unable to control the organisations which they are supposed to represent. The Labour party, as in the great coal strike, have been treated by the unions with that indifference and contempt which they have well earned. They are looked upon as nothing except the lickspittles of the Liberals, and their recent conduct has amply qualified them for that description. The difficulty, then, is not that true trades unionism is too strong but that it is too weak. It is the failure of organisation which has produced the present strike and not its success. The matter, however, has gone too far for any reconsideration of the causes of action. The syndicalists have got to have their lesson, and after that it may be possible to reconstitute a trades union movement devoted, as all such movements should be, to the bettering of the conditions of life and of employment, and not to the propagation of visionary ideas, including "the right to get drunk."

PANAMA AGAIN.

THE argument of Sir E. Grey's Panama Canal despatch is curiously constructed. Sir Edward has two points to make. The first is that the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty does not bear the meaning placed upon it by the Panama Canal Act, and so does not allow either the remission or the reduction of tolls on American shipping; the second that the issue involves no consideration of national honour, but is simply a matter of legal interpretation, and as such is subject for arbitration under the terms of the treaty of 1908. The despatch makes both these points, though the second is badly slurred; but the curious thing is that it drags in what seems the wholly irrelevant question of subsidies. Subsidies are referred to in the opening lines, and the right of the United States to grant them is worked out at length in the body of the despatch. But neither the Treaty nor the Act nor the original British protest said anything about subsidies.

The view taken by some American papers is that Sir E. Grey has introduced the subsidies question by way of providing himself with a ladder down. We are much more inclined to think that the ladder is for the Americans; but in any case its introduction is far too conspicuous. Sir E. Grey had apparently forgotten that, unlike the bulk of his work, this despatch was intended for publication, and wrote it in his esoteric style. In dealing with diplomatists it is convenient to hint to them the means by which they can withdraw from a position without outraging the public opinion of their States, but in despatches intended for publication such hints should be very guarded; or the foreign public will be forewarned. But Sir Edward, who is no psychologist, has been explicit where he

should have been reserved, and has made it all the harder for the American executive to advocate subsidies in place of exemptions.

It must, however, be noted that the question of subsidies was first introduced by President Taft himself in the memorandum which he wrote to salve his conscience after signing the Canal Act. It comes to the same thing, argued the President, whether tolls are remitted altogether or charged and then refunded. It follows that Britain, by objecting to the former policy, objects also to the latter; and the conclusion is that, in the British view, the terms of entire equality stipulated by the treaty prohibit any nation using the Canal from stimulating its mercantile marine by any form of State aid. In a highly casuistical passage Sir Edward Grey rebuts this argument. Britain has asked for equality, he retorts; but the line taken by the President makes her impose restrictions upon a foreign State. Such an imposition would be the very opposite of equality. Obviously Sir Edward's logic is unsound. Equality is not destroyed by restrictions operating equally upon all parties, and we fancy that the words of the Treaty would justify Britain in adopting the view which Mr. Taft attributes to her.

As a matter of fact, however, Britain interprets the equality clause in a much narrower sense. There is to be equality only in the distribution of the Canal dues. With this limitation, it becomes of paramount importance to find a principle by which the Canal dues are to be determined. The Treaty says that they are to be just and equitable. But in reference to what standard? How is it to be settled whether a charge of one dollar or of ten dollars a ton is just and equitable? The Panama Canal Act itself answers the question. It provides that the dues shall be calculated to cover the cost of maintaining and operating the Canal, and Sir E. Grey cordially agrees with this principle. The amount required annually can thus be estimated fairly accurately, and the gravamen of the case against the Canal Act is that this amount is disproportionately distributed. Under the provisions of the Act American ocean-going shipping will not bear its full share of the total, while American coastal shipping will not bear any share at all.

There is, then, a very great difference between a policy of remission and a policy of subsidy. Mr. Taft is wrong in arguing that they come to the same thing. The costs of a policy of remission would, under the terms of the Canal Act, fall upon foreign vessels using the Canal. The costs of a policy of subsidy would fall on the United States Treasury. To us the distinction is vital. About half of the world's mercantile marine sails under the British flag; under the Canal Act Britain would thus pay about 50 cents in every dollar of preference granted to American vessels. On the other hand, under the alternative policy which Sir Edward Grey regards the States as entirely free to pursue the whole charge would fall upon the American tax-payer.

The American public will not miss so obvious a point. The question will be raised why should America swallow her own law and submit to a financial burden for the sake of pleasing Britain. Why not leave things as they are? The States have made the Canal, are in control of the Canal, and have passed an Act which gives them the utmost advantage out of the Canal. No doubt, it is all very disagreeable to Britain, but it is not the business of the American legislature to think of Britain's feelings. In spite of the protests uttered when the Canal Bill was passed, we believe that these considerations would tell heavily with the American electorate. The protests were weighty, no doubt, but they represented the views rather of eminent individuals than of a great mass of popular opinion.

In view of this aspect of the affair, the "New York Tribune's" comments on Sir E. Grey's despatch are interesting. The "Tribune" takes Sir Edward's argument and carries it a little further. It starts from the British emphatic acceptance of the States'

right to grant subsidies, and suggests that this method is unnecessarily roundabout. The American Government is to give money to American shipping firms, and those firms are to hand it back again as dues to the Canal administration. The process would be shortened if the Government paid the Canal authorities direct. It would work out thus: The Canal authorities would reduce or remit tolls in accordance with the Canal Act; they would then inform the United States Treasury of the sum lost in this way, and the Treasury would send a cheque for the amount. By this means the British contention would be accepted, and the States would bear their fair share of the cost of maintaining the Canal. But the Canal Act would remain on the statute book. All that would be required would be a new measure, an Appropriation Act restoring to the Canal authorities the total rebate.

Such an arrangement would come to almost the same thing as subsidies. Almost, but not quite. It would provide shipping companies with a stronger inducement than the subsidy policy could offer to build their ships in America and sail them under the American flag. For it would substitute a certainty for a speculation. The subsidy might be granted, but the tolls would necessarily be paid. Acceptance of a proposal on the "Tribune's" lines would thus place Britain at a disadvantage, under which she would not labour were the subsidy policy adopted. It is, therefore, Sir E. Grey's duty to stand fast to the lines laid down in his despatch, and not to make a new departure by way of enabling Mr. Bryce to clear things up before he leaves Washington. If Mr. Taft accepts the British view, well and good; if he does not, let us wait until Dr. Wilson comes into office. It may suit Dr. Wilson's book to send a losing case to arbitration, and have the work of a Republican Senate censured by European jurists. In any case he is master of the situation, for with a Democratic majority in the House Mr. Taft can do nothing without his goodwill. Let us then tell Mr. Taft that he must do what Britain asks or we will wait for Dr. Wilson.

THE HELPLESS, THE UNFORTUNATE AND THE LOAFER.

IT is pretty certain that the present Government will not attempt to deal with Poor Law Reform. It could not if it would. It has too much on its hands already, and is virtually pledged to other more exciting business in future. They cannot go to the country on Poor Law Reform. So if this greatest of State social questions is to be tackled, it will almost certainly be done by a Unionist Government. It is also almost, in fact quite, certain that the next Unionist Government will do it. Obviously, therefore, the Unionist Social Reform Committee's Report,* just issued, has more than academic significance. Mr. F. E. Smith is Chairman of the Committee and sponsor for this report, and it is not likely, when a Unionist Poor Law Bill is introduced into Parliament, that Mr. Smith will have nothing to say to it. It is therefore well worth the while of friends, foes, and critics alike to take it seriously. It is indeed one of the merits of the plan that it can easily be thrown into the form of an actual Bill. It is as far as possible from mere generalising, which is easy on every matter, and perhaps easiest of all on this. Anybody who knows anything personally of these questions of destitution and State-aid will see at once that here is expert work, the outcome of thought suggested and tested by experience as well as the study of books, blue and other. It is a complicated business, painfully so, and one may be thankful to Mr. Hills and Mr. Maurice Woods for putting the scheme so simply.

* "Poor Law Reform: a Practical Programme." Explained by J. W. Hills M.P. and Maurice Woods; with Introduction by the Right Hon. F. E. Smith K.C. M.P. London: West Strand Publishing Co. Ltd. 1912. 1s. net.

As they state it, the plan is easily intelligible, and should be interesting to all. It is a matter which no educated man or woman has a right to ignore. Indeed few can, if they would, for they heed it by paying rates. In their own interest, as well as of those for whom, if in no other way, this plan would provide, they should read this Report. For Unionists, of course, it has a special interest. At any rate, it will provide every worker on our side with one answer if challenged as to what Tories are doing and thinking about social reform. A certain amount of useful social legislation is the one item to this Government's credit, so one cannot be surprised at their making the most of it and trying, on the strength of old-age pensions, to get themselves accepted as the only social reform party, whereas history shows this to be their first attempt in that direction, barring a brief spurt under Palmerston, who in this, as in other things, was not inaptly described as a Tory at the head of a Liberal majority. In the days of the Liberal Saints their party was actively opposed to social reform, and Gladstone never cared a straw about it. He did not regard his Education Act as social reform as we now use the term. Neither indeed was it. By reforming the Poor Law the Tory party will simply be carrying on its tradition.

One is glad to get beyond the stage when the only question asked in these matters was whether you were Majority or Minority. This Report is neither and both; its authors were concerned only to make the best practical suggestion they could, and did not trouble to consider whether it came under one head or the other. It is interesting to see, whether we look at this Report, the Majority, the Minority, or that of the County Councils Association, how completely we have all come round from the sheerly individualist view. The idea once was that a man's health and his fortunes were his own lookout and nobody's else; therefore nobody else need trouble about them. Unselfishness and humanity entirely apart, it was a very bad calculation. No one can be all-sufficient for himself; his comfort and wealth are the sum of contributions by all, including himself. Every man or woman that is disabled from making his contribution is therefore so much loss to every other man and woman. This would still be true, if others acknowledged no duty to him and did nothing for him, leaving him to starve and the elements to bury him. It is more obviously true, when nobody dares to carry individualism that length. If you admit that you must at any rate feed him enough to keep him alive and a roof over him, no matter how bad a time you give him you lose on the turn, if he does nothing for you. Making him break stones takes it out of him but is really no good to you. It is sterile punishment. It does not prevent the man coming for his dole; it does not reform him; it does not produce anything of any value. That so ineconomic a plan was started and persisted in is explainable only on the theory of Poor Law that was behind it. The assumption was that the person who applied for help from the State, or indeed needed it, was in that necessity wholly by his own fault. He was an offender to be punished. He was to be deterred from coming again by the unpleasantness of the punishment—the workhouse—and the stigma it put upon him for ever after. It was the deliberate design to stigmatise everyone who found his way into the workhouse, and the design was rounded off by practically preventing the destitute from getting help anywhere else. The object was gained; the workhouse has been an almost indelible stigma ever since. But the stigma has not stopped the inflow of applicants, though it may have lessened it, while it has effectually prevented their recovery. This plan could not be a social success, for it rested on an untrue assumption. Not all who come to need "relief" are brought to it by their own fault or ever were: the truth being simply that some are and some are not.

The aged have always been the largest element among recipients of poor relief, in or out. Wages in many forms of labour have never been high enough to allow the labourer to save enough to provide for his old age.

If he came to the workhouse when he was old, it was not his fault. But he was stigmatised all the same. Also many a decent and industrious workman is stranded by unemployment through no fault of his. To compel him and his family into the workhouse under the same condemnation with the loafer was ruinous. For him the game was up. That man would very likely degenerate and become a more or less constant charge on the community. Worse than all was to cause this brand of the workhouse to descend upon the children. It assisted to produce loafers. The right way is to assume neither that an applicant for relief is to blame or is not, but to find out and act accordingly. If he is, treat him as an offender intelligently: punish him curatively. If he is not, receive him as a good fellow down on his luck. Help him to tide over a bad passage in such a way that he shall no more feel stigmatised by the help he has received from the State than a man of a richer class feels shame at having had to borrow at some time in his life to get round an awkward corner. Was Sir James Paget humiliated by the memory of his early financial difficulties? Yet he was for some long time precisely in the position which would have brought the working man to the workhouse or at any rate to apply for relief.

The plan of the Unionist Social Reform Committee's Report has a real chance of success and of providing something like a remedy for destitution problems because it is based on a recognition of these facts and not on untrue generalisations. It makes cardinal the distinction between the unfortunate, the helpless, and the loafer. The aged, the children, and the sick, who are helpless, will be treated as such, not as offenders. The child of parents in a workhouse will take its place in school like any other child—under no stigma. The Poor-Law school will disappear. The old—not otherwise provided for—will be looked after in "homes"—converted workhouse buildings, perhaps, used for this purpose only. The sick destitute will be treated simply as sick, like any other patients, by one health authority for all purposes. The Poor-Law aged, the Poor-Law sick, and the Poor-Law child will at last disappear. The man who comes for relief and is not helpless will be assisted to find work and trained to a trade if he has none. If that man gets work, he will not come back as a charge on the State and will start again with no stigma upon him. If a man will not take a place found for him or is known to be a loafer, he will be punished by despatch to a penal colony, where he will have to work very hard indeed, but not at useless work, and be subject to discipline. But he cannot be sent to a penal colony except under a magistrate's order. This is how the plan will work if the machinery answers. That we propose to examine in a second article. Meantime it will be clear that if the scheme works as intended, it will be an immense improvement on things as they are now.

THE CITY.

WALL STREET has pushed itself into the limelight with a vengeance this week. The mysterious slump in Union Pacifics is easily first among the features of the Stock Markets. When the Supreme Court gave its decision that the Union Pacific Company must relinquish its control of the Southern Pacific the market was not seriously affected, and when the preliminary statement of the Union Pacific's earnings for the year ended 30 June was published the quotation remained relatively firm. But this week there has been tremendous selling of the favourite Harriman stock, and no wholly satisfactory cause has been discovered. Unquestionably the Supreme Court's decision raises several legal problems, but the broad effect of it is that the company's interest in the Southern Pacific must be sold and that the Southern Pacific's interest in the Central Pacific, which is a natural and essential continuation of the Union Pacific, may be purchased by the last-named company. The sole

reason why the late Mr. Harriman acquired control of the Southern Pacific was to get hold of the Central Pacific, and it would therefore appear that if the Union Pacific sells its Southern Pacific stock at a fair price and buys the Central Pacific no serious loss will accrue to Union Pacific stockholders, especially as experience has proved that "dissolution" of Trusts in the United States has been beneficial rather than detrimental to stockholders' interests.

Perhaps it is feared that the Union Pacific will not receive an adequate price for its Southern Pacific stock at a compulsory sale to be effected within three months. Southern Pacifics have kept remarkably firm while the sister stock was collapsing, but it is obvious that the buying of Southern Pacifics has been small in comparison with the selling of Unions.

The publication of the Union Pacific's annual report provided no reason for the demoralisation. The figures were, in fact, better than the preliminary statement issued a few weeks ago. The best explanation of the slump is that big operators have taken advantage of the unsettlement caused by the Supreme Court's decision to smash the Union Pacific market. The indisposition of Mr. J. P. Morgan may have encouraged such operations, and another influence in the same direction is the fact that Kuhn, Loeb and Co., the bankers and financial advisers of the Harriman group, are engaged in arranging a loan to the Austrian Government. This transaction at a time when Wall Street is confronted with severe monetary stringency has naturally been the subject of much criticism. One group of speculators in Wall Street has recently secured large profits on a bull campaign in certain industrial stocks, and it is quite probable that its members are now employing their energies on the bear tack—and with conspicuous success.

The European markets were already in a nervous state owing to rumours that the international situation gives greater cause for anxiety than is generally acknowledged, and the slump in Union Pacifics, in which European investors are considerably interested, was an additional disturbing influence. Fortunately the speculative account for the rise in all markets is very small. Otherwise serious losses would have been shown.

As it is, business has simply dried up. Even the volume of investment demand has seriously diminished. Consols have slipped back owing to the counter-attractions of several high-class new issues. Of the Western Australian loan the underwriters have been required to take up 44 per cent., and as regards the issue of Grand Trunk debentures about 38 per cent. has gone to the underwriters—results which must be considered quite satisfactory.

Business in Home Rails was naturally hindered by the renewal of labour trouble on the North Eastern and the signs of unrest among the men on the Midland line. Canadian Pacifics were sold from Berlin, where arrangements were being made for a loan to Austria, and the buying of Grand Trunks seems to have ceased. In the Foreign Railway market the feature was renewed buying of San Paulos, which advanced sharply on rumours that negotiations had been concluded for the acquisition of control of the line by the Brazil Railway interests.

Rubber shares have had one of their periodical upward movements, based on encouraging statistics regarding the trade outlook. The market, however, failed to resist the effect of the surrounding depression, and a reaction was probably hastened by the publication of statistics compiled to show that Mr. Lampard's calculations were rather too optimistic. When experts disagree it is safer to accept the lower estimates, but there are many good judges who support Mr. Lampard's views.

Mining markets have been prejudiced by selling from the Continent, and Copper shares were particularly depressed by unfavourable American statistics regarding the metal position.

National Telephone deferred stock had a sharp drop,

nervousness being shown by holders now that the arbitration proceedings are nearing conclusion. The discussion of the merits of competitive systems of wireless telegraphy is causing further selling of Marconis. In the Shipping list Sir Thomas Sutherland's repeated denial of the amalgamation rumours caused a decline in P. and O. deferred, but well-informed market men still insist that stock is being steadily absorbed by influential interests with the intention of obtaining control. In any event there is no need for holders to sell at current prices.

TRADE UNIONS AND MINORITY RIGHTS.

BY THE EARL WINTERTON M.P.

WHILE the House of Commons has been engaged these latter weeks in guillotining, with merciless monotony, clause upon clause of the Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills, an interesting and vital discussion has been proceeding in Standing Committee "C" upon the Trade Union Bill introduced by the Government to deal with the Osborne judgment. Of all the important controversial measures brought in this year, this is the only one upon which discussion has been free and unfettered by the guillotine or closure. As a result, although the debaters have not exceeded a dozen on each side, and the Unionists on the Committee, generically termed "lordlings" by the Radical and Socialist Press, are almost all young in age or parliamentary standing, the Bill has had more real consideration than other measures of the Session. Ministers in charge, unable to shelter themselves behind the guillotine, have been compelled to disclose their intentions and the effect of the Bill.

Furiously indignant at this unwonted innovation in our present parliamentary procedure, the Radical Press and several self-constituted champions of organised labour, among them, delightfully unconscious of any incongruity, Sir Courtenay Warner (whose portrait, engaged in that vile sport of the idle rich, pheasant shooting, may be seen in at least two of last week's illustrated "society" journals), have thought fit to accuse Unionist members of the Committee of blocking Trade Union legislation and wrecking Trade Unions. It is important that this charge should be answered at once, and I gladly welcome the opportunity of doing so in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The first charge—obstruction—is sufficiently disproved by the Chairman only once accepting a closure motion during more than a dozen days in Committee; moreover, quite as many Labour and Liberal members as Unionists have joined in the debates. It is possible that on account of the pressure of parliamentary business, or because of the growing dislike of this "pleases nobody" Bill among trade unionists, the Government may drop the Bill, alleging as the reason the length of the Committee discussions, thereby endeavouring to shift unpopularity on our shoulders. Such a contention will not bear a moment's reflexion. The Bill will be through Committee by Christmas, or at least by the first week in January; unless, that is, the Labour party prolong discussion as they did (probably for the reasons mentioned above) at the sitting of last Tuesday. The Government could not in any case have taken the Report and Third Reading stage in the House before Christmas without destroying their plans for the two big Bills.

Every one of the amendments proposed and the speeches made by Unionist members has been directed solely towards safeguarding the rights of trade unionists themselves under the new conditions which the Bill provides. No one has said anything in opposition to the right of Trade Unions to take part in politics. The questions upon which the Committee has been engaged are well summed up in a statement issued by Mr. Norman Craig M.P. K.C., a member of the Committee: "The conditions under which political activity may be engaged upon, the accurate ascertainment of the true opinion of members of the Union,

the safeguards to protect the trade unionist who wants his Union for industrial and not for political purposes, or who, though in community for industrial purposes with the majority of his Union, is, on political questions, in a minority—these are the topics which have almost exclusively occupied the time of the Committee".

The voting has not gone upon purely party lines, but the Government have always refused to accept the smallest safeguard for the minority in the Unions, and indeed, by their attitude, have made it even possible for a majority in a union to be "rushed" into supporting a Socialist against their will. Urged on by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, himself not a representative of labour and deeply distrusted by thousands of trade unionists, they have reduced to a minimum the power of the individual member of the union to make his views felt. The Bill is certain to cause great resentment amongst those whom it is intended to benefit when its real effect is known. Thus the Bill as it stands and the refusal of the Government to accept amendments will largely frustrate the freedom of the individual to "contract out"—said by Ministers at the time of the Second Reading to be a condition of the Bill co-equal in importance with the legalising of a "political fund".

I referred before to the attempts made by a number of Labour and Liberal members to misrepresent the attitude of the Unionist members of the Committee. The most serious of these occurs in a leaflet issued originally on the eve of the poll of the Bolton election, for which Mr. Clement Edwards was responsible. In that leaflet he brought four specific charges against the Unionist party, alleging that they proposed

- (1) To make Trade Unions subject to Government inquiry.
- (2) To make peaceful picketing unlawful.
- (3) To undo the Trades Dispute Act, 1906, by making the funds of the Unions again liable for damages, as in the Taff Vale case.
- (4) To prevent all benefit funds of Trade Unions being available for strike pay in time of need.

All of these statements, as applied to Unionist members of Committee "C", are absolutely without foundation. Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Wolmer has, in correspondence with Mr. Edwards published in the Press, pointed this out, Mr. Edwards has neither attempted to justify his statements nor withdrawn them. As for Mr. Edwards (who, with his voracious appetite for controversial inaccuracy, is a worthy follower of the Chancellor of the Exchequer) the matter may be left there, but it is desirable that the attitude of Unionists generally towards the changed conditions of Trade Unionism should be fully explained in the country.

Mr. Bonar Law will, no doubt, take the opportunity to do this in one of his forthcoming speeches, but meanwhile it may be pointed out that the party as a whole has admitted the principle of a legalised political fund. The rights, however, of minorities in the Unions must be rigidly guarded, and also great care exercised to see that the dwindling efficiency of Trade Unions as instruments of collective bargaining between employers and employed is not further decreased. It is worth noting that the increasing inability of trade unionist leaders to induce their Unions to carry out the agreements that they have made is coincident with the comparatively recent attainment of direct political representation by the Unions. It is doubtful if Trade Unions have not lost more than they have gained. A Union, whose leaders are really masters in their own house, able to call and settle strikes, is in an unassailable position. The employers are bound to listen to its representatives. The pursuit of merely political power for its own end, while largely destroying the authority (because it is now divided) of the leaders, has not produced the corresponding advantage of a parliamentary party strong in debating ability or statesmanlike qualities. If it had brought forth a Bebel, a Jaurès, a Hervé, or a Debs the Independent

Labour Party might have justified itself. But it has not. Its one man of marked genius, Mr. Snowden, is rigidly excluded, from motives of childish jealousy, from the leadership. Of its recent leaders, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Macdonald, it is sufficient to say that not one of them (were it not the rule that leaders and ex-leaders of parties are called on whenever they rise) would, on the principle laid down by Mr. Lowther of calling those whom the House most wants to hear, catch the Speaker's eye more than once in four times when they rise. It is by no means unlikely that the next few years may see the dissolution of the present so-called Independent Labour Party.

But organised labour representation will continue, and Unionists should neither depart from nor forget their traditional attitude of friendliness towards Trade Unions. It was the Tory party which encouraged and the conscienceless commercialism of the Whig party which thwarted the growth of Trade Unions in the middle years of the nineteenth century. The lineal descendants of those Whigs through the Government benches above the gangway, and fill the Government honours list to-day. It is impossible that for long the great mass of trade unionists will allow their parliamentary representation to be prostituted by Whig and Radical alliances. It is equally impossible that the large proportion of men in the Unions, who, clinging to the industrial, political, and general rights of the Unions, are deeply opposed to Socialist and anti-national sentiment, will long remain inarticulate.

The fight, therefore, on Committee "C" between a Socialist caucus, supported by a pliant Liberal Attorney-General, and those who desire to give trade unionists a free and unfettered right of choice of the lines their political action should follow, is of more than ephemeral importance, and deserves, in my humble judgment, the attention and general support of the party.

FOR WALES AND THE CHURCH.*

By THE HON. W. ORMSBY-GORE M.P.

THE Bishop of S. Asaph, the senior of the four Welsh bishops, is equally well known as an exact scholar and as a redoubtable controversialist. In the fight for the rights and liberties of his Church he was the foremost figure in 1895, and to-day he ranks with his brother of S. David's as *primus inter pares* in defence of the historic faith in Wales. Nevertheless, throughout his large episcopate he has never been an extreme partisan; a man of broad culture and a liberal mind; a Welshman of Welshmen, he has always proved himself a moderator and an advocate of statesmanlike compromise where compromise is possible. It is, therefore, all the more significant that upon the questions of Disestablishment and Disendowment his attitude is one of the most uncompromising and adamant hostility to both proposals. His efforts to bring about a compromise upon the education question, and the more or less intimate personal relationship he has always maintained with leaders of the Liberal party from Mr. Gladstone to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, have often caused some of his most stalwart supporters to wonder; but in the minds of those who have followed his career more closely and of those who read his new book now under review there can be no doubt that the Bishop will go down to history as a most determined and single-minded champion of the Church in Wales.

"Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church" fulfils two valuable purposes. It is in the first place a complete and final answer to the gross historical inaccuracies of Mr. McKenna and to the travesty of Welsh ecclesiastical history delivered by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons. But this is not all. It gives to historians and to the general reader a most lucid and succinct outline of the results of some of the Bishop's never-ending research work among the

records of his diocese. Many new facts of importance are brought to light for the first time, particularly as to the condition of the Church in Wales and of Nonconformity during the eighteenth century. The Bishop deals almost entirely with those periods of Church history which form the basis of controversy. The first six chapters deal with the origins of the endowment of the Church in the early ages before the twelfth century. Some of the evidences of early tithe and early glebe from the books of S. Chad and Llan Dâv, endowments still many of them in the possession of the churches to which they were given, are striking answers to Mr. McKenna's "freak" theory of the origin of tithe and Mr. Ellis Griffith's "frantic" theory of the conditions under which glebe was granted. But even more important are the Bishop's historical evidences as to the early and voluntary union of the Church in Wales with the rest of the Catholic Church in England. He sums it up at the opening of his chapter on Disestablishment, "It has been shown, upon evidence that no scholar can dispute, that the fusion of the British and Anglican Churches was brought about more than eleven centuries ago by the working forces that were in their essence religious and not in any sense political; and that this fusion was not suddenly or violently achieved, but the result of a growing consciousness of a common mission. This voluntary amalgamation, while it united the two Churches, has never obliterated the title of the Church in Wales to-day to be regarded as being in legitimate historical succession to the Church of Teilo, Kentigern, David and Deiniol." From the early Middle Ages we are taken to the Reformation, and the Bishop shows with what tenacity the Welsh people clung to remnants of the old customs, and also how much the Welsh Church and the Welsh people also suffered from the disendowment of the monasteries and the manufacture of lay impropriators. Not that the monasteries in Wales were unimpeachable, for they, and not the secular clergy of the parish churches, represented Norman or alien influence in the Church, and these non-Welshmen frequently absorbed the slender revenues of the Welsh churches.

But it is to the period of the Great Rebellion—the Commonwealth, as it is usually called—that we must turn to find the saddest record of oppression and spoliation meted out to the Church under the strokes of "old Cromwell" and his myrmidons. There took place the usual sort of outrage—they stabled their horses in the choir of S. Asaph Cathedral and used the font as a pig trough; they broke into Llandaff while the Holy Communion was being celebrated, drank the Communion wine and put up a weaver to denounce the Church—doubtless in language similar to the denunciations of the Church by Nonconformists such as Mr. Ellis Griffith of to-day. But these outrages were nothing compared with the steady, persistent tyranny of persecution which dogged the life of the Church for the next ten years. Urged on by the violence of Vavasour Powell—excellently described by the Bishop as "half fanatic, half rogue"—the lay Commissioners plundered and harried the Church without mercy. Of course they feathered their own nests, and in the two years 1650 and 1651 they only accounted for £19,936 out of over £40,000 that they received. The people of Wales petitioned Parliament, but this was treated as their petition has been treated by the Liberal Government to-day, except that in the seventeenth century the reprisals against the petitioners were more vigorous. The wording of the petition of the parishioners of Guilsfield, in the county of Montgomeryshire, in the year 1652 illustrates the conditions of parish after parish in Wales under Cromwell. Their minister, Edward Ellis, an able divine, was "sequestered", and after his departure they continued without any minister at all: "without Communion, without baptism, visitinge of the sick, or forme of a Church amongst us, the doores of the Church being commonly shut on the Lords day. That these sacred rights are not only withheld, but invectives published against such as shall minister them to us, by ambulatory preachers, who tell us their sermons are sufficient for salvation,

* "Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church." By the Bishop of S. Asaph. London: Murray. 1912. 6s.

and recompense enough for the tythe which we pay, which is exacted of us with all rigor. The service of God is by this means much decayed, religion scandalised, and men's minds thrust upon sad and dangerous apprehensions and perplexities". Nothing too harsh can be said against Puritan treatment of the Church in Wales. As the Bishop writes, "the effect upon the order and discipline of the Church produced by such a time of chaos must have been great and lasting. All the known rules of clerical discipline and order were suddenly changed or abolished; the cessation of the services of the Church left a wide gap in the lives of the people; Baptism and Confirmation ceased; the Holy Communion was rarely and in some places never celebrated; the children were untaught, and the sick and the dying were not ministered to. There was not a single ordination in the Church in Wales between the years 1644 and 1660. . . . Many clergy returned to find their homes desolated, their benefices despoiled, their churches encrusted with the squalor of ten years' neglect, their schools closed, their most staunch neighbours and friends impoverished or in exile, and the whole scheme of worship and Church order destroyed or in abeyance. Few have realised the magnitude of the paralysis which fell upon the Church in Wales at this period".

The Church in Wales has always been miserably poor and under-endowed. In 1712 the records show that in Wales there were 883 benefices. Of these eighty-three were under £10 a year, 122 more under £20 a year, and 119 under £30 a year. About three-quarters of them were under £80 a year. Nevertheless, the eighteenth century was the age of revivals; and the Church boasted within her ranks Griffith Jones of Llandowror, the contemporary of Whitefield and Wesley. One important difference separates Griffith Jones from Whitefield. He was a Welshman and taught the people in their own language—the language which the Church had saved. As the Bishop puts it, "Bishop Morgan not only gave the Welsh people their Bible, but also resuscitated and reformed the ancient language of Cymry. Under his magic hand what had been a dying patois became a living and a literary speech". The Bishop shows a wise moderation in his enthusiasm for revivals. As he points out, with reticence but with due warning, the moral condition of Wales at the time of the great Nonconformist revival meetings of the nineteenth century gives grave cause for reflexion. It will be news to many that Nonconformity in Wales is of comparatively recent growth. The visitation returns for his diocese reveal the sparseness of the number of Nonconformists in Wales down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it was not until the separation of the Methodist societies from the Church in 1811 that the Nonconformists formed any considerable section of the Welsh people.

The closing chapters of the book, as well as several valuable appendices, deal largely with various aspects of the present Disestablishment controversy. To-day the Church in Wales faces the greatest crisis in her history, and the Welsh people are being asked by members of Parliament to repudiate and despoil "yr hen fam", the old mother. Had Welshmen the true facts, so clearly and impartially stated in this book, before them, there would be little fear what their answer would be. Their decision would not be with Sir A. Moritz Mond, against whom the Bishop is justifiably indignant for styling himself in the House of Commons "We, the Welsh people". "Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church" is undoubtedly the standard work upon Church defence.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

CHRISTMAS shopping is an invention of the devil whereby people are induced to purchase things that are of no value, and give them to other people who do not want them. It has also the effect, during

any of the four weeks preceding Christmas, of turning the purchase of any simple article in a shop into an adventure that is something between a battle and a nightmare. For the shopkeeper at this season thinks it necessary to put into the background the more or less useful things which it is his habit to sell, and to import into his shop a quantity of flimsy rubbish known as "The Season's Goods", "Suitable Gifts for Xmas", "Useful Presents", and "Artistic Gifts". Not one in a hundred of these articles is either useful, artistic, or seasonable. Most of them are substantive lies, made to look passably like the thing which they imitate for about a week. After that, fortunately, they begin to disintegrate; for if Christmas gifts were not of a perishable nature the world would soon be piled so high with rubbish and shams that no true or genuine thing could exist on it. Here and there this transitory nature of the Christmas gift causes distress, as when the deluded recipient finds the gorgeous present coming to pieces in his hands at the first attempt to put it to genuine use; but it is an apparent rather than a real affliction. Here and there, in the darker corners of any house, you may come upon the Christmas present of a year or two ago in a state of arrested decay; and a grisly relic it is. Parts of it resemble plush, and other parts tarnished gold or silver, other parts are almost unrecognisable; but careful examination will probably reveal it as a representation of a pig stooping over a trough, and bearing a label with the legend "For what we are about to receive". What was its purpose? Was it a pen-wiper, or a receptacle for pins, or—for we must not flinch in our research—was it possibly intended to contain salt upon the table, or was it an ash tray? Even echo does not answer.

I have before me several advertisements on a page of a daily newspaper, all purporting to give me real assistance in the choice of Christmas presents. Here is a list from one of them, headed "Suitable Xmas Gifts": carpets and rugs, fancy linens, down quilts, children's chairs, antiques, gramophones, oriental ware, clocks and bronzes, electric lamps, fancy goods. Of course I am greatly helped by this. I have now merely to decide for myself whether I shall give my friend some fancy linen, a child's chair, a carpet, or an electric lamp. What I will not buy in any circumstances is fancy goods. I do not know exactly what they are, but I know them to be the abomination of desolation; and I believe them to be the shopkeeper's name for the things which he cannot even pretend are of any use, and which do not even look like anything else on earth. Fancy Goods! In what desolate fancy are they conceived; to what degraded fancy do they appeal? And here is a nasty thing: "Caned fire-screen. In birch, stained walnut, reproduced from quaint old model". It is not itself quaint, or old, or walnut, you see; and it is of course flimsy and perishable; one of those turned knobs will almost instantly disappear, and it will ultimately be found kicking about in some dark corner, and will trip up some unoffending housemaid whose indigent employer has failed to keep up her Insurance book, and will consequently be heavily fined and have to maintain her for a long time in hospital, so that he will be ultimately ruined and his children go begging in the streets.

And here is another list of suggestions also called "Useful Presents": attaché-cases, book-carriers, handbags, writing-cases, card-tables, "library requisites of every description". These, if you are unlucky enough to receive them all, may be put to a variety of uses. You may either put the writing-case in the book-carrier, and carry it, or you may put the hand-bag into the attaché-case and pretend that you are an Attaché, or you may fold up the book-carrier tightly, put it in the hand-bag, and put both it and the writing-case into the attaché-case, and lay it on the card-table. As for the library requisites, you had better leave them alone. The greatest outrage I have ever suffered was in the reception of a Christmas gift in the form of a thing which I imagine to have been a library requisite. It was a mauve box which purported to be of leather, but in

fact was fabricated in some preparation of dyed paper. It had an imitation gold clasp which broke off as I opened it. My deepest misgivings were fulfilled. It contained three compartments, one of them filled with many-coloured balls resembling small marbles, which on investigation proved to be an impure kind of sealing-wax. Another compartment contained an ugly little instrument of imitation silver, in which the balls were supposed to be melted; another a seal, engraved with the initial letter of my name and fitted with a handle made of some explosive substance, pretending to be a precious stone. It was the cause of the only moment of doubt and disappointment I ever knew with regard to my secretary; for when I asked her to take it away and have it destroyed, she said she would like to keep it.

But the crowning terror of Christmas time is the Calendar. Here it is, of course, on the page in front of me: "Beautiful Art Calendars". You know them. There is hardly any kind of shop which does not at this time include in its wares a collection of calendars; and there is no kind of ugly or false thing which cannot be adapted to the purposes of a calendar. The most familiar form, and not the least offensive, is a collection of large sheets of stiff paper held together by a coloured ribbon, by which they are to be suspended on the wall. A large legend in some kind of base lettering will probably announce that it is "To give you Greeting". Underneath will be the word "January", with a photogravure picture of an old woman collecting sticks in the neighbourhood of a church, with either a line of verse descriptive of the state of the weather, or a sentence from some prose work expressive of stalwart purpose in life. And somewhere in the corner there will be a faint little table of the days of the month. What may be on the other sheets hardly matters, for even in the most pious home the calendar is abandoned long before the middle of the year has come. Through January it hangs crookedly from a gas bracket; and through February also the January legend and picture are still exposed; because the mechanical problem of turning the front page over the blue ribbon is regarded as insoluble, and to tear it off would be to spoil the calendar. Late in February, having become darker round the edges and curling hideously, and having collected a deposit of dust, it is removed to the kitchen, where the February page is exposed, revealing a woodland scene through which a little girl in a red cap is wending her solitary way carrying a basket. And having thus existed throughout March, curled by the kitchen heat almost into the form of a cylinder, it is suddenly removed on a cleaning day, is never replaced, and disappears thenceforth from the sight of man. But that is only one of the simplest forms of the Christmas calendar. Sometimes it takes the form of a little book the size of a postage stamp "for the waistcoat pocket", which will subsequently be found in the kind of drawer in which servants keep wire and corks and dusters and string and brushes. Or it may take the form of a dog, or a church tower, or a stuffed plush bear with eyes made of beads, or a very expensive leather case, or a pipe, or a little boat with sails, or a framed picture with the calendar inserted in the frame—of anything at all, in fact.

This is not a nice spirit in which to write of Christmas presents; but after all it is only the shopman's idea of Christmas to which I take exception. I object to its seizure and exploitation as a great commercial event. There is no joy in that or any real good for anybody. It is not a good thing to give employment to people in making rubbish, and it is as a lover of this season that I am grieved to see it made a festival of ugliness and imposture. A world that sits surrounded by a collection of sham articles—sham in substance, base in design, false in sentiment, and vain in purpose, is putting too much on the bells when it asks them to "ring out the false, ring in the true".

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA."

BY JOHN PALMER.

"THESE reasonings", sayeth Milton in "An Apology for Smectymnuus", "together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem—kept me still above those low descents of mind beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to salable and unlawful prostitutions." There, for you, is Mr. William Poel fitted with a farewell peroration. He has chosen fitly to retire from pioneer work of thirty years with colours nailed. All, at the King's Hall, is "niceness of nature" and "honest haughtiness". You may profoundly disagree with Mr. Poel's interpretation of Shakespeare's mysterious tragedy. But you must continually admire the consistency of thought and fancy with which his interpretation is imposed upon your protesting soul. At the King's Hall on Tuesday evening there were "no salable and unlawful prostitutions"; but a noble flattery of the spectator. The audience might honestly feel it was being treated as an audience of intelligent and imaginative beings. It was an unusual and an agreeable sensation. Sir Pandarus, in many theatres, does not appear in the play; he is on duty in the wings as stage-manager. But Mr. William Poel on Tuesday evening, playing Pandar, placed his services entirely at the disposal of Troilus and Cressida. He had none to spare for ourselves.

I might write a book about "Troilus and Cressida"; but I cannot write an article. Criticism of any one of the works of Shakespeare either must give you the opportunity of quoting the whole play in support of your contention, whatever it may be; or it is useless. The only piece of Shakespearean criticism I know of in English literature, valuable for itself alone, is Morgann's essay upon the dramatic character of Falstaff, wherein, as is not too generally known, Falstaff appears upon abundant testimony as a man of proven valour. No one may read Morgann's essay (it is really a book) without coming imaginatively nearer to Shakespeare's Falstaff. Morgann accomplishes his solitary feat—never before attempted and never afterwards accomplished—by the extremely simple method of quoting Falstaff at the reader till the reader's patience and the significance of the writer's subject are exhausted. It is the only way; but it is not possible except in a big book, strictly confined to a single point of a single character in a single play. As to "Troilus and Cressida", every character would require several volumes according as your theory of the play varied from reading to reading. I have fiercely and conscientiously held five theories in succession about "Troilus and Cressida".

For Mr. Poel's theory of "Troilus and Cressida", that governs his production at the King's Hall, we may return to Smectymnuus: "I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods". Mr. Poel accepts the tragedy as Shakespeare's solitary effort to be cynical—an extremely successful effort, as it would appear at the King's Hall. Without infringing upon any one of my five theories I might perhaps, for fairness' sake, confess that I very heartily differ from Mr. Poel. Very roughly speaking, the difference is this—that Mr. Poel does Shakespeare the honour of believing that he almost entirely succeeded in writing a cynical play, whereas I do Shakespeare the honour of believing that he almost entirely failed. Narrowing our difference to a single point, it appears in all its stark immensity—as differences invariably do when they are narrowed. Mr. Poel, I imagine, is cheerfully ready to maintain that Miss Edith Evans' Cressida is entirely right; I maintain it is entirely wrong. Cressid has become for me, not without a pondered and intimate acquaintance with every line of her part, one of the loveliest of Shakespeare's tragic figures. That she is wanton deepens, not impairs, the appeal of her story. Cressid is not, of profession, the conscious, practising and affected harlot. She is born—not made—

a wanton. In the politer phrase of the day, she is "over-sexed". Her vows to Troilus are burning sincerity. She made them to the first man as sincerely as she broke them with the second. She is a profound study of the instinctive coquetry of the scarlet woman—profounder, even, than Cleopatra. Her artifice is nature. It leaps into her speech and gesture; it moves in her blood. Shakespeare has stripped her of moral beauty—even of the pagan virtues; yet he leaves her, as a tragic figure, hauntingly lovely, sounding the appeal of flesh unassisted; so that we rather fall with Troilus than scold with Ulysses.

Miss Edith Evans at the King's Hall, as I have said, suggested the practising harlot; and her technical method, wrong I think in any interpretation of Shakespeare, emphasised her main impression that affectation was Cressid's perpetual cue. She played, statically, the type, rather than, dynamically, the individual. Having, as it were, stated herself, in a single scene, the rest was but repetition. She gave us the portrait of Cressid, not the character; and the luminous garment of speech, through which Shakespeare's Cressid so clearly shines, was but a motto upon the frame.

It is not possible to run, even thus briefly, over individual parts of the play. Mr. Poel's Pandarus—an extremely interesting performance—I should criticise *pari passu* with Miss Evans' Cressida—it was a highly diverting error as to Shakespeare's intention. To the acting as a whole—apart from the consistent, and, as I think, mistaken emphasis upon the tragedy as a successful study in cynicism—I would offer but this objection. More than almost any other of Shakespeare's plays, "Troilus and Cressida" is a torrent of speech. Mr. Poel's company, for the most part, assumed that we had the play by heart, a breath-bereaving compliment to the audience, which, happily, did not take me at any very considerable disadvantage. "Take care of the speech and the play will take care of itself" should be the motto of Shakespeare producers. I imagine that Mr. Poel, trying to collect a company that could talk Shakespeare, was at a disadvantage. He would scarcely succeed in getting the pick of the profession—not that it would greatly have helped him if he had.

It was for me a truly wonderful and solemn reflexion that Mr. Poel was producing Shakespeare in the manner of Tuesday evening before I was born; before Mr. Granville Barker was heard of; before Sir Herbert Tree was manager at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Poel's ideas are no longer his own. They were good enough to steal; and there is no patent office for good ideas. He has suffered the fate of all pioneers; and I should not in the least be surprised to hear him accused of having borrowed his Shakespearean stage from the Savoy and his limelight from Professor Reinhardt. But Mr. Poel's disciples can with advantage go on learning. Indeed, it is really scandalous that Mr. Poel should be suffered to retire. The production on Tuesday was a very flat assertion that in the production of Shakespeare not one of the realistic devices of the modern theatre is in the least necessary. Mr. Poel dressed his Greeks and Trojans in Elizabethan costumes; absolutely disregarded the sex of his players (the Æneas of Miss Madge Whiteman was every way a better man than the Troilus of Mr. Esmé Percy); and put a clay pipe into the mouth of Achilles. It did not matter in the least, or would not have mattered if the articulation had been better. Moreover, once again, the Elizabethan stage was clearly vindicated. It gives us a sense of movement and space; throws us for illusion entirely upon the speech and gesture of the players; and gives to the wonderful dramaturgy of Shakespeare intelligence and meaning. Less important than these reforms (which now are the common property of our dramatic commonwealth), but none the less interesting, were the frequent indications in the running of the play that Mr. Poel has a producing eye. I would suggest as an instance the lit figure of Troilus mourning Hector upon the inner stage; seen through the purple gloom of the tragic scene; the faint cry of Cassandra floating in the air.

ELGAR.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NO one can read the biographies of many of the great masters without wondering whether their fine music was worth the suffering that caused it, and whether it is worth being an under-man for the sake of being an over-musician. I use the phrases deliberately. There were exceptions. Handel and Bach did not vent their griefs in music; they had not to suffer before they could produce fine music; the supreme development of the musical side of their nature had not as a concomitant the under-development of the other sides. Of Schumann the same may be said; for the distressing malady which drove him mad came on late in life and was as much an accident as the fall of a tile on his head. Haydn was perfectly sane, admirably balanced; his intellect was not of the highest order, but it was very far from being below the average. Mozart, however, was so much absorbed in composition that he could not cut his meat at dinner and could not attend to the ordinary duties of a married man with a family; and he died in the end of nervous exhaustion. The tremendous passion which enabled Beethoven to compose glorious sonatas and symphonies went with an ungovernable temper. The passion itself was aroused largely by his extravagant grief over often imaginary woes. Of course his cruel childhood and his subsequent deafness were by no means imaginary; but during a period of his life when a saner man would have been quite happy he was everlastingly fretting and fuming and laying up trouble for himself—one side of his nature was over-developed at the expense of the other sides. Consider, too, Wagner's case, his incessant complaints about his nerves, how his concentration on music rendered him insensible to the claims and rights of other people. The works that afforded others the sweetest pleasure, Schubert declared, were the result of his own greatest pains. Generally it will be found that an abnormal musical gift goes with some shortcoming or disability.

This reflexion had often occurred to me, but never so vividly as at the Elgar concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra. In one of his lectures on vocal art Mr. Plunket Greene made much of the English tenor's high stiff collar, which no passion must be allowed to soften or disturb; he must never perspire, never let himself go. This, figuratively, holds true of our composers. Only the younger ones let themselves go. Elgar certainly scarcely ever does. I do not say he has no genuine feeling to find an expression for, but that his feeling is not of the sort that goaded Schubert, Beethoven and Wagner to reckless, full and complete expression and to damn the consequences. Except for a few bars occasionally, Elgar's vigour is self-conscious and not spontaneous; he reminds one of the German baron who tried to learn to be lively by leaping upon tables. I know of only one piece in which a tide of profound feeling has fairly carried him away—the ninth variation of the "Enigma" set. Now, if Elgar or any other of our composers were of the stuff that great composers are made of, they would be unable to help themselves: their collars would soon be wringing wet or torn to tatters, and they might turn out splendid music—and possibly be wholly wretched. I believe the nervous strain of composing music to be greater than that caused by the exercise of any other of the arts. In poetry, painting, sculpture and drama there are many interests besides the expression of sheer feeling and the technique: there is always, at any rate, the interest of the subject-matter. Music is "wholly form and power": it must be spun out of the composer's vitals; and in absolute music the composer must rely on his own spiritual experiences if he means to produce work of the finest calibre. Beethoven, it is true, "worked to a story"; but his nature was so violently passionate, his sympathy so great and easily aroused, that the most trifling tale, or incident in his own life, stirred up in him an excess of emotion, and the music was the expression of some inner tragedy of his own. Also, we

must remember, his simplicity was astounding in a man who had the intellect to construct the scheme of a Ninth symphony, and I dare say many a simple little tale or mental picture moved him as deeply as the death of a dear friend. In him we have the most striking instance of the musician whose gigantic musical faculty and enormous emotions very often left no room, so to speak, for the intellect to come in at all; habitually he was the over-musician and the under-man; and he paid a heavy price for the privilege of composing the most sublime absolute music the world possesses. Carlyle ends one of his lectures on heroes and hero-worship with (I think) Jean Paul's parable of the fire-flies that in the West Indies are caught and pinned to the walls of houses: a fine light is given and folk enjoy themselves immensely—only, what do the fire-flies think? Beethoven was a fire-fly who transfixed himself.

There is no danger of Elgar doing anything of the kind. At this concert three characteristic works of his were given. The symphony in A flat dates back a few years; the violin concerto is a more recent production; and the "Enigma" variations belong to the year 1899, and are therefore the eldest of the three works. I have criticised them rather scrappily on various occasions; but to hear the three together gave me a more complete view of Elgar as an instrumental composer than I had previously been able to gain. At least, it might have done so had there been time—but this is to anticipate. The truth is that I have heard the variations so often that my mind is finally made up about them. In every aspect they are Elgar's best music. The theme is distinctive and more genuinely musical than anything to be found in either the symphony or the concerto; there is endless variety as the theme is developed rather than varied; and the fact that the same theme in one shape or another pervades the whole work enables the composer quite easily to attain unity. I have heard it said that Elgar owes a good deal to Brahms in his treatment of the variation form, and perhaps he did; but I fancy he owed much more to Beethoven's last piano sonatas. When Beethoven wrote his twelfth sonata (the funeral march one) he strictly varied his melody, much as Mozart would have done it—in fact, as Mozart did it in one of the violin sonatas—ending with a most lovely coda. When he came to the later sonatas this primitive way of doing things no longer contented him: one variation leads not only on to the next, but into the next; the thing is continuously developed from beginning to end. That plan Elgar adopted, with pre-eminently artistic success. The subject is presented in a number of lights, but by developing and not by merely varying. There is a difference in value between the various sections; but none of them falls to the level of mediocrity, and, on the other hand, if Elgar could always keep up to the level of the ninth, we should gladly have to acclaim him as a great composer. Not for a moment does he reach that level in either symphony or concerto. The slow introduction of the symphony is harmless, tranquil but not profound. The principal subject of the allegro is characterised by that up-and-down, zigzag, jerky motion which seems to have grown into a mannerism with him during recent years. It is a Mendelssohn theme, distorted, twisted out of shape: it leads nowhere, and means nothing. Another specimen of this is found in the passage numbered twenty-four in Novello's score. I cannot see the object of this trick, unless it is to hide the want of real invention. The second subject is weak; but the main fault of the whole movement is its discontinuity; in the effort to get variety unity has been allowed to go hang. The succeeding movement is dainty, and at times shows signs of some strength. The adagio is utterly feeble. Of course, a musician of Elgar's talent is never at a loss for a means of covering up the essential commonplaceness, threadbareness of his music with pretty counterpoint and effective orchestration; but the stuff does not bear looking into—above all, it does not bear hearing often.

The symphony cannot be placed amongst those of

the first order. It is long, and length is generally taken by our brilliant pressmen to imply greatness; and greatness is precisely the quality that one never finds in Elgar's music. He continually marks passages to be played "nobilmente", and that very fact makes one suspicious: it suggests that he knows the jerky zigzaggness (if I may so say) of the outlines of his melodies to be undignified, and trusts to the conductor making the best of matters. As for the poetic content of the work, I confess my inability to feel any. He himself says it expresses his "outlook on life". That is a very large order—also a very vague one. Poetry may or may not be a criticism of life: music cannot be. Music can only express one emotion at a time. Music in conjunction with words may express complexities and conflicts, but in pure music anything in the nature of conflict can only be indicated by the somewhat naïve and artificial dodge of alternations of passages expressing different frames of mind. Artificial though the method is, Beethoven used it gorgeously in at any rate three of his symphonies, the "Eroica", the fifth and the first movement of the Choral. But in these cases the themes differ very widely in character: all Elgar's themes are alike, although some go fast and some go slow, some are to be played noisily and some softly: in essence they are the same. None of the movements is flooded with one strong emotion, and the structure of the music is such that one has no sense of struggle and battle. The symphony is above the level of mediocrity, and contains some charming bits: more than that cannot be said.

I have said only half of what has to be said. The remainder must wait until another day. Then I will finish with Sir Edward Elgar.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TWO VOICES AT THE CHESTER DRILL HALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 West Park Road Kew

4 December 1912.

SIR—On the evening of the 2nd inst. a voice at Chester "appealed for more recruits for the Territorial Force", and one naturally asks to what is the want of recruits due? Since two of the main hindrances to recruiting for the Army are absent in the case of the Territorials—namely, service in unhealthy climates and the injury caused by Army service to a man's prospects in civil life—it seems clear that the want of Territorial recruits is due to the disinclination for military service engendered, always and everywhere, by the gradual spread of the industrial spirit. But no sooner had this voice ceased from bewailing the want of recruits than a second voice "advocated strongly a voluntary system . . . against compulsory training. Would it be wise", it cried, "to destroy the voluntary spirit, which was part of our national character, etc.?" But the nation modestly conceals this trait of its character at the present moment, as the first voice pointed out, and history unkindly proves that for two centuries the voluntary spirit has had to be stimulated from time to time by various expensive and nauseous tonics.

In 1745 the bounty for the Guards was £6. In 1759 the large towns opened subscriptions to be appropriated as bounty for recruits, London procuring 1235 men at £5 5s. each. The bounty was £3 in 1775, £16 in 1803, £2 12s. in 1822, and £8 for the Infantry and £10 for the Artillery in 1855.

In all our great wars from 1695 to 1781 we resorted to limited conscription, beginning with imprisoned debtors 1695-1702, including criminals from 1702, and extending to paupers from 1703. Indeed one of the dramatis personæ of Sheridan's "Critic" (1788) is an

impressed convict whom the Justice, evidently a man of large sympathies, apostrophises in the well-known lines:

"Oh! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all".

Yet in spite of large bounties, increased pay and limited conscriptions, the bashful Briton was still so backward in displaying that part of his national character which is needed for maintaining armies that we were driven to enlist foreign mercenaries from time to time. For example, our foreign mercenaries numbered 17,000 in 1804, steadily increasing to 53,700 in 1813; and as late as the Crimean war a small foreign legion was raised under 18 Vict. c. 2. We shall employ no more foreigners, because we cannot get them.

The only remedy for the present dangerous and intolerable state of things has been lately recommended by the veteran Field-Marshal, Lord Roberts—universal compulsory service. It may be irksome to the poor, hateful to the rich and unwelcome to the officers of the Army; but, as we may learn by looking beyond the seas, it is inevitable, because it is the logical and necessary consequence of the industrial progress of modern society.

Yours obediently

H. W. L. HIME
(Lieut.-Col.).

THE LIE OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft near Leeds

8 December 1912.

SIR,—It is much to be hoped that Unionist politicians will take to heart your words of advice, so that when they advocate the new Unionist Land Policy they may be able to state the ways and means by which it is to be accomplished.

This is the more necessary because the "backing" of, say, a million fresh cultivators on to the land will not be managed without the carting away of an enormous number of persons already engaged upon it, and it will be troublesome enough to persuade farmers large and farmers small that they ought to make way for peasant proprietors without the added difficulty of explaining why a capitalist class, already cultivating the soil successfully, should be displaced in favour of a class of non-capitalists. In other words, when the Unionist candidate has to explain on the platform the reasons for supplanting our present land system it is very desirable that he should be able to point out that the State will see that the equipment of the land does not suffer, and that the soil is not starved for want of capital.

In conclusion, whatever our views may be of the soundness, economic and social, of the new Unionist land policy, there can be only one opinion as to its unselfishness. For many of its supporters are thoroughly aware that the new departure means nothing less than a revolution in rural society, and that in this revolution there will disappear together both their own social position and those field sports to which well-to-do Englishmen have always been strongly—sometimes unduly—attached, and which help to give a distinct character to English country life. Detached from the land an hereditary leading class, and indeed any sort of aristocracy, is impossible, while the destruction of the amenities of country life means that England will largely cease to be what house-agents call a "residential" country, with, in consequence, a very heavy depreciation in the capital value of its stately and semi-stately homes. Well, the English country gentleman recognises all this, but believes that his own extinction will make for the good of his country, and

we can only hope that his patriotism and his self-sacrifice will not be in vain.

Yours faithfully

C. F. RYDER.

YANINA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I was painfully surprised to read in your leader of last week that Yanina is Albanian. I did not expect from your esteemed paper such an inaccuracy. Yanina is the *φάρος* of Hellenism, as it was still in the worst days of Turkish yoke more than two centuries ago; and Epirus is the cradle of the purest Greek language and the famous heroic folk-songs of Modern Greece. We Epirotes, numbering more than 300,000, don't want to be comprised in the mischievous Austrian scheme of Toskian and Gheghian autonomy, and we beg English people to estimate our Hellenic conscience in the same degree as they estimate that of our Pelasgic brothers, the Albanians.

I am your obedient servant

AN EPIROTE FROM PHILIATÆ.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Withington House Withington Manchester
12 December 1912.

SIR—Some of your correspondents exhort me to greater clarity, and though, after reading their letters, I am forced to the reflexion that there is little use in trying to convince people on matters of æsthetics who are so obviously determined to see no good in a new thing, I will do my best to satisfy them.

To begin with, we are all writing about Post-Impressionism without attempting to define the term: indeed, one of your correspondents, Mr. H. P. H. Friswell, deems it a proof of critical sagacity to search for a common trend in work so essentially different as that of Picasso and Fergusson. Now we cannot call all newly inspired work since the early days of the Impressionist masters Post-Impressionist without robbing the title of its claim to precision. If we ascribed to it this purely historical signification we should perplex our wits vainly in trying to find corresponding values in the paintings of the Futurists, for example, and those of Asselin or Doucet. For the purpose of critical argument it will be useful only to call Post-Impressionist the work of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and of their avowed disciples, for in their pictures alone is it possible to find a common impulse.

What was this impulse? It sprang from a reaction against the later Impressionists' preoccupation with tone and colour—this was the negative side of the movement. Its positive side was the restoration of design, of lineal values, to the art of painting. Cézanne was the first to see spiritual value in the relation of masses, though we know from his letters to Emil Bernard that he was innocent of any conscious application of theory. Theory was bound to come, however, when other painters studied his canvases and perceived their inherent qualities. A more vital comprehension of values began to show itself in the work of the Post-Impressionist painters—a comprehension of values which had for long been disregarded. Instead of relations of tone and colour, which had become with such painters as Signac, Monet, and Van Rysselberghe merely scientifically imitative statements of vision, a means to a new sort of æsthetic excitement was found in relations of colour, line and mass. Thus painting has once again become interpretative instead of imitative, for by a realisation of dominant rhythmical relationships painters have discovered the means to express their emotions in a truly plastic form.

Many people seem to forget that all art must work in some convention, for imitation of nature is impossible. The statement of form by means of contrasting

tones—by light and shade, that is—is one convention. To state form lineally in planes, in the manner of the Cubists, is another. Who is to say that the one method is legitimate, while the other is not? Perhaps, in order to avoid confusion, it would be well to say that I hold no brief for Futurism, which seems to me to be the newest and basest form of Realism. Movement is better expressed by any cinematograph than by the Futurist painters. I think, too, that painters should use recognisable forms; Picasso's abstractions mean nothing to me.

In conclusion, I should like to deal briefly with Mr. Walter Winans' letter. I do not know with what authority he makes himself the mouthpiece of artists in general. To say—I quote from memory—that all artists look upon Post-Impressionism as foolishness and incompetency is mere oracular rubbish. I am not sure of Mr. Winans' exact words, but that was the gist of them. When he charges Post-Impressionists with incompetence, saying that they know nothing of drawing, of perspective or of light and shade, is he referring to Cézanne, to Fergusson, to Picasso, to Anne Estelle Rice? Has he ever seen any drawings by Peplow? This constantly repeated slander would be laughable were it not for the fear lest ignorant people might be impressed by it. Nearly any man of ordinary intelligence, with normal sight and the use of his fingers, could learn to draw academically by attending classes at an art school for a year.

Yours faithfully

O. RAYMOND DREY.

A DENIAL AND AN APOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Lincoln's Inn Fields London W.C.

12 December 1912.

SIR—On the 5th inst., and *not before*, my client Archbishop Mathew became aware of the letter from the late Lady Sykes appearing in the edition of your paper on 4 March 1911, in which letter the following (amongst other) allegations were made, and to each of such allegations I have added Archbishop Mathew's replies.

1. "The principal person concerned" [in the sentence of excommunication, the subject of the letter] "is a man who has assumed the title of English Catholic Archbishop of London."

The "man" referred to is Arnold Harris Mathew, who is *de jure* Earl of Landaff and whose family history is fully set out in Debrett's "Peerage".

Archbishop Mathew has never assumed the above-mentioned title, but the title of Archbishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church was duly conferred upon him.

2. "He abandoned the Catholic Church."

He never abandoned the Catholic Church. He resigned his benefice in the Roman Catholic Church, but he not only is still a member, but he is also a duly consecrated Bishop, and a duly elected Archbishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church, and anybody acquainted with the history of the Roman Catholic Church and the Old Roman Catholic Church will appreciate the seriousness of the allegation that a member of the Old Roman Catholic Church has abandoned the Catholic Church.

3. "He declared himself a Protestant."

Archbishop Mathew has never made any such declaration.

4. "He married a young lady in a Swedenborgian Chapel."

Archbishop Mathew has never been in any Swedenborgian Chapel in his life, and was married to his wife in Marylebone Parish Church.

5. "His wife joined the Catholic Church."

Archbishop Mathew's wife has never joined the Roman Catholic Church.

6. "Archbishop Mathew's wife refused to live with him."

Mrs. Mathew has ever since her marriage lived with, and is still living with, her husband Archbishop Mathew.

7. "He became a lecturer, entertainer and reciter."

He has lectured on religious matters, but never for payment; his lectures have been practically sermons. He has never been either an entertainer or reciter.

8. "He made submission, and returned to his earlier faith."

If this allegation is intended to mean a submission to the Roman Catholic authorities, the answer of Archbishop Mathew is that he has never made any such submission, neither has he returned to the faith, if by the faith is meant the doctrines now imposed by the Italian Curia upon the members of the Roman Catholic Church as distinguished from the faith of the Roman Catholic Church held before 1870, which last-mentioned faith was before and ever since 1870, has been, and now is, the faith of the Old Roman Catholic Church.

9. "He was not however permitted, until he should pass a certain time of probation, to exercise any priestly functions."

Archbishop Mathew has never either asked for or received any such permission, neither has he passed any time of probation, since his ordination to the priesthood in 1877.

10. "He joined a body of schismatics calling themselves the English Catholic Church."

Archbishop Mathew has never joined or been a member of the English Catholic Church.

11. "He persuaded an Old Catholic Bishop to ordain him to the Episcopate."

Archbishop Mathew was invited to accept, and ultimately did accept, consecration at the hands of the Archbishop of Utrecht. The letters of consecration are now in my possession and open to your inspection, together with some of the authorities that I have proving the succession of consecrations from Cardinal Barberini (who was consecrated on 24 October 1655 by order of Pope Alexander VII.) down to the consecration of Archbishop Mathew on 28 April 1908 by the Archbishop of Utrecht in Utrecht Cathedral. I cannot produce the authorities for some of the earlier consecrations, but I can refer you to those authorities if you desire to consult them.

The observations I have made in connexion with the eleventh allegation sufficiently answer the charge made in the last paragraph of Lady Sykes' letter that Archbishop Mathew is a "Pseudo-Archbishop".

It is no part of my duty to make any comment upon the above allegations, for they, and the answers thereto, speak for themselves. Archbishop Mathew requests that you publish this letter in the next edition of your newspaper, together with an appropriate apology for the libels you have published concerning him in the letter to which I have referred.

I am Sir your obedient servant

S. GISSING SKELTON.

[We, of course, unreservedly accept our correspondent's denial on behalf of his client of the statements made by mistake by the late Lady Sykes in the letter referred to above under headings (4), (5), (6) and (7), and we sincerely regret that the SATURDAY REVIEW should have been made the medium for their publication. As to (2) Lady Sykes, being a Roman Catholic, obviously used the word "Catholic", as members of her Church almost invariably do, exclusively of that Church, so that her statement was really in agreement with our correspondent's client's version of the facts. We ourselves, of course, agree that the term Catholic is not to be used as synonymous with Roman Catholic; but it would be unreasonable to prevent Roman Catholic correspondents from writing from their own point of view. The other points seem to be matters of ecclesiastical controversy. We are willing to accept our correspondent's client's corrections of fact; on the points of ecclesiastical controversy we hesitate to commit ourselves.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE ANTARCTIC GOAL.

"The South Pole." By Roald Amundsen. London: Murray. 1912. Two vols. 42s.

IT was but two years ago that Robert Peary annexed as a title one of the remaining aims of a brave man's ambition, and already Roald Amundsen has won the other. So, after untold years of defiance to man's persistency, the ends of the world have tamely yielded almost at the same time, not to that terrible heroism with which the old explorers flung themselves at the enterprise, but to the cool calculation of modern men of business. Of course it is true that the difference cannot be measured merely by calculation; the modern men have had that to calculate with which their predecessors had not, not to mention the invaluable counsel of their mistakes. The explorers' equipments of to-day and even of fifty years ago scarcely bear comparison; there is in food alone enough to make the difference between success and failure. The salt junk and lemons have given place to pemmican, chocolate, dried milk and vegetables, to say nothing of the sheer luxuries that can be consumed in winter quarters. But what strikes one most in Roald Amundsen's account, as it did to a somewhat less extent in Robert Peary's, was the supreme ease with which could be accomplished an achievement which had baulked the tremendous purpose of so many stalwart souls. Save for the few days during which the "Fram's" explorers were climbing from the barrier ice up to the Southern plateau, there was no danger to be met, no anxieties to be recorded, and scarcely a hardship to be encountered. One must, indeed, make every allowance for the commander's genial acceptance of disagreeables that came as part of the day's work; nothing could be lighter than his touch on them; but against that must be set a picture of good living which makes such remembrance as one has of much less exalted enterprises seem like a record of penal servitude. Cakes of all kinds, syrups, jams, cream, pickles and sauces; how the mouth waters at such a record of good living in a hut on the antarctic barrier ice through an entire winter, thousands of miles from the source of supply! No wonder the recorder declares that he had never lived so well in his life.

The contrast of conditions at either Pole prevents any sense of sameness in the present story. At the North Pole, beneath the drifting ice, no bottom was found at fifteen hundred fathoms. The South Pole rests on over ten thousand feet of solid rock. Thus each presents its peculiar difficulties to the seeker, and a varying kind and range of danger; so that a different mode of conquest had to be devised for each. Peary, moving forward always over shifting ice, could make no preparation for his journey after leaving winter quarters; was always liable to have his way barred by an open "lead" of water; and, worse still, might find his retreat delayed, or possibly prevented, by a similar impediment. He was thus absolutely at the mercy of the weather, not only for success, but for safety, and no skill, daring, or intelligence could avail to save him in certain conditions of wind and temperature. The same might possibly be said of Amundsen; but such conditions would have been altogether exceptional, and not, as with Peary, only what might be looked for. The first part of his journey lay across the level barrier ice on which he had spent the winter, and along which he was able to erect advance depôts for the first two hundred miles of his way. Over the barrier ice it was plain sailing; then came a fortnight's struggle up great glaciers to the plateau, a feat of no little difficulty, with repeated danger from innumerable crevasses, much of which might, as the return journey proved, have been avoided. Once on the plateau, clear of the treacherous ice nicknamed the "Devil's Ballroom", the remainder of the way was easy going, measured even by enterprises of a quite modest magnitude. And once the end was attained there could be no disturbing

anxiety as to the return. The weather was moderate, sometimes inconveniently warm; the snow-fall inconsiderable, the road known. The terrors which are never ended for the arctic explorer till back in his ship again are unknown to the antarctic. Fog, a deficiency of snow, uncomfortable crevasses; these appear to be his most pressing troubles, and thick weather incomparably the worst of them.

But, and it must never be forgotten, in thus reducing to a holiday trip one of the most perilous of human adventures, the capacity came not from luck or an exceptional uniformity of conditions, but from wise forethought and unflinching execution, from plans accurately determined and rigorously carried out. There is no trouble for any sort of an explorer so long as he is on the right side of his provisional account. The trouble is to keep there. Amundsen and his men were never anywhere else. They had always something to spare on their programme; in time, in draught, in food, in fuel, in clothing and in equipment. Never had they to march a mile more than they desired, or go without an ounce of food they needed. They arrived at their various destinations with a punctuality far exceeding that of many a railway, and in consequence they arrived in perfect health and unconscious of hardships. Doubtless fortune treated them well, as fortune has a way of treating those who do not ask for its favours. They found a way up to the plateau just where they required it; their somewhat reckless disregard of crevasses was permitted to go unpunished. There, however, the favours seemed to end; they owed the rest to thought, courage, and good spirits. The contrast of Sir Ernest Shackleton's tragic struggle over country so few miles away with this easy ramble is proof that no valour or devotion in such adventure plays a part in their successes comparable with that of thought. Amundsen would be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to his predecessor, to all his predecessors; but more is required than acquaintance with other men's mistakes. There was no guess-work under the Norwegian flag; every stress and pressure had been as carefully determined as though it had been for a bridge that was building; and a bridge it was, supported from depôt to depôt, from beacon to beacon, over which these men went so joyously and confidently to the Pole.

How much of the triumph was due to the commander he does not tell us, but it is not difficult to imagine. Judge of men he must be to have made, as it appears, not a single mistake in his selection. Entirely unjealous and ungrasping of honour he plainly is. Far from wishing alone to be celebrated by his achievement, he makes each trusted comrade take a hand in planting his country's flag at the goal, and his is not the portrait taken to commemorate arrival there. His narrative is so modest, indeed, that one almost forgets he had a share in it, or at the most remembers him as an inconsiderable accompaniment. Can higher praise be given to the winning of imperishable fame? To every Englishman his charming simplicity, kindness and unconscious resolution must especially appeal, and they are fortunately in no wise blurred in the best translation of a book of travel that can be imagined. One's only regret regarding it is that the wonderful opportunities for photography were so neglected. Here alone the apparatus seems to have been inadequate, and of the marvellous mountain ranges of which we read, of so rare an interest in the world of snow, only three examples are presented us. A few days spent in photography on the homeward journey with a suitable lens would have enriched alike, and at so small a cost, our knowledge and our imagination.

ERICA.

"Erica." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 6s.

"GREED, vanity, a complete disregard of other people's feelings, a certain tenacity of purpose, and a somewhat unusual lack of delicacy in pursuing that purpose"—such is the summing-up of Erica's

character by the famous painter on a first acquaintance, and a more intimate knowledge could have induced no modification in the lady's favour. To have dealt in a heroine of this kind is much to the author's credit, and she does nothing to mitigate the unpleasantly striking force of such a character. She is compelled, indeed, to credit her with beauty, with beauty coercive and supreme, since without it so disagreeable a person could hardly have had a story, and she might urge that the sort of good looks with which Erica is endowed do not always go with amiability.

There is no distinction in the telling of the tale, but there is a straightforward simplicity which does much to make it effective, and this might with advantage have been carried further to obliterate all creative comments on the character as it is revealed. One may count it also in the interest of truth that very little that Erica does comes to anything beyond a disclosure of her inherent meanness, selfishness, and indelicacy. Though she wears clothes which outrage her relatives' sense of propriety, she is a perfectly proper person; though, and it is a notable omission, we are not told why. The portrait is left incomplete in the same way by a failure to show us on what rests her regard for her husband. She does not seem to have found him objectionable, but that is all we know, and more is required for her complete reconstruction. Perhaps we may gather, from want of evidence, that her temperament was a cold one. She appears to have indulged her admirers before marriage, but after it there is no hint of the process being continued, though she wanted many things her husband could not give her; and one cannot fancy her being restrained by either fear or affection. It is, indeed, her utter lack of any moral or immoral caloric which makes more difficult the rendering of her humanity, so much so that when late in the story she develops an interest in her baby son it is not easy to be convinced of her sincerity.

It is a tribute to her creator that we detest her, since she so nearly resembles the type of respectable adventuress to which we would have been indifferent, and it is such humanity as she has which makes us dislike her most. Women will probably resent so relentlessly a piece of portraiture, since the absence from it both of art and exaggeration not only lends a lifelike air, but endows it with the effectiveness of the commonplace of which one is only conscious when the study is from the type.

There is nothing in the least unusual about Erica: she is merely woman as she is not supposed to be. She lacks all the so-called feminine qualities, she is devoid of spiritual inspirations, she does not feel the impulse of the flesh. Delicacy is so far from her that she can scarcely conceive it. She marries one man the day after she has thrown over another, and she wears at her wedding not only the gifts of her late betrothed, but the very clothes he has provided for her trousseau, which add to the enchantment of the honeymoon for his successful rival. Nor is it she who breaks off the match, but the man, disgusted at discovering her in a flirtation with her future brother-in-law. She is of the type that conceives as a providential convenience the seething of a kid in its mother's milk, and it is proof of her creator's fairness that we only see her occasionally at that sort of cooking. She is of the kind who takes from men anything that she can get out of them—jewels, pictures, and entertainment, without any sense of obligation, and from women anything they may care to give; and here again no more than her tendency is depicted. Indeed, the only note of over-emphasis in the portrait is laid on her brutal treatment of her mother; the repetition becoming wearisome, though it never ceases to be convincing.

There is a good and original sketch of an artistic Jew financier, who speaks the truth with a refreshing plainness about the things which seem to him to matter. He appears in certain relations to be quite intimately observed, and there is a fine hard simplicity in the concluding scene, in which he offers himself to Erica as the least disadvantageous matrimonial bargain that she

can make; the result of which is promised us in a further volume. Tom Garry, the unhappy husband, is less clear, though more conventional; and insufficient justice appears to be done to the economic ability of this subaltern in the Guards who plays polo on an income of under seven hundred a year.

CHINA IN EVOLUTION.

"Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. London: Heinemann. 1912. 16s. net.

"The Passing of the Manchus." By Percy Horace Kent. London: Arnold. 1912. 15s. net.

THERE has been a tendency of late to abandon the old fancy that the Chinese are so different as to present a riddle insoluble to the European mind, in favour of the apothegm that human nature is human nature, and that what may be predicated of one people may be predicated of another. A pendulum which has swung too far one way is always apt to swing too far another; and the swing seems, in this case, to have inspired a delusion that the apparent differences between Chinese and Europeans were merely superficial, and that "the well-worn ways of thought and action of the oldest civilisation on earth are to pass with the passing of the Manchus by the magic of the blessed word Republic, and the waving of a five-coloured rag!" A perusal of these two works will dispel any such fancy. The Chinese have overthrown a score of dynasties, and are not unlikely to go on overthrowing others after Western nations have come to recognise the futility of "representative institutions" in which welfare of party eclipses welfare of the people. But they will remain Chinese still. It has been said that the ground is well prepared for a Republic, because the Chinese are essentially democratic. China is democratic in so far that every village community will go its own quiet way, in accordance with immemorial custom, if it is let alone. But the highest conception of centralised authority has been the personality of an Emperor; and what degree soever of government in our sense of the word exists in China to-day is centred in the personality of Yuan Shih-kai much more than in the so-called National Assembly.

We have said that rebellions are chronic in China. A dynasty runs its course, becomes effete, and is overthrown. But deeper than Imperial incapacity as a cause of unrest lies the struggle for food. The Chinese people are always increasing up to and beyond the food supply. Hence uprisings and civil wars accompanied by the slaughter of millions as an alternative to the less merciful solution of starvation. That rebellions, like international wars, are precipitated by some specific motive goes without saying, and dissatisfaction with the Manchus was the pretext of the present, as it was the pretext of the Taeping rebellion. But there does not appear to have been any original purpose of abolishing the Imperial concept. The Republic was the work of foreign- and mainly American-educated Cantonese who contrived from the first to get in the saddle. It seems as clear as anything can be said to be clear in circumstances so complex, that Yuan's original purpose was to create a Limited Monarchy, but that his course was deflected by want of funds and by a perception, possibly, that hostility to the Manchus was more inveterate than he had supposed. Whether such an anomaly (in China) as Constitutional Empire could have endured: whether any other than an Imperial régime will now hold China together, is a problem yet to be solved. Money is being lent lavishly to an entity which calls itself, and which the West is pleased to acquiesce in calling, a Republic, but which seems to exist as an entity mainly in so far as it resembles an Empire controlled by a person called President instead of Emperor. The chief anxiety of all concerned seems to be, in fact, at the present moment, to obtain loans. The control of Peking over the Provinces

is less, and the willingness of the latter to remit funds to Peking is less, so far, than under the Empire; so that the anxiety may be easily conceived. But lending money under those conditions is equivalent to pouring wine into a drain. The money is spent without adequate return; and China's resources under the present system of collection and account are insufficient to meet the cost of administration and service of her debt.

How far British policy and cosmopolitan finance have been to blame in the past is a question which Mr. Bland discusses with knowledge and perception, but with somewhat exaggerated acuity. That British policy has been at times nerveless or ill-inspired, and that cosmopolitan finance is apt to concern itself with prospects of immediate gain instead of with larger questions of Imperial policy is a proposition we are not concerned to deny. Treaties remain unfulfilled: our Minister is instructed to make "strong representations", which are about as effective as boxing a feather bed; and everything goes on as before. But allegations of timidity and personal subservency (pp. 270-275) are apt to suggest doubts, in turn, as to the infallibility of the critic, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bland should weaken any part of his case by over-statement, because his analysis of the financial situation is generally illuminating and well-informed. It exhibits the necessity for reorganising China's revenue and finances as imperative, and places almost beyond controversy the proposition that the employment of competent Europeans, not only as advisers, but with a reasonable measure of authority, is essential to success. A review of "recent policies" would be incomplete without an allusion to opium, and he tries once more in his penultimate chapter to put the question on a rational basis. It is a hopeless attempt. "The Opium War" and the "Opium Treaty" have passed into an article of faith with people who can never have read the Nanking treaty or they would know that it contains no word legalising the opium trade. Still it is well that an unvarnished statement of fact should occasionally be set up in contradiction to the fanatical leaflets which serve as data for the hysterical rhetoric by which the subject is periodically darkened. The general reader is apt to shy at documents, and especially at Chinese edicts, unless he is attracted by their quaintness and by a certain delusive pathos which experience has, it must be confessed, taught the twenty-years-in-the-country man to regard with distrust. But they are at least indicative and suggestive; and a distinctive feature of Mr. Kent's book is the number of Imperial edicts and Republican manifestoes which annotate, as it were, the successive stages of the movement he records. So apposite are they, in fact, that it is a pity they are not separately indexed instead of having to be sought for among the general subject-matter. Two books written apropos of the Chinese Revolution are certain to run to some extent on similar lines; but the Chinese problem has many facets, and Mr. Kent has been concerned rather to write history, while Mr. Bland has been interested in analysing the situation. So that they practically complement each other without overlapping. Both are provided with maps more or less designed to fit the text, and both contain illustrations—among the most interesting of which are portraits of Prince Ching and of Yuan Shih-kai—a typical Manchu and a typical Chinese—respectively the last Manchu Premier and the first President of the Republic. One would like to hope that the change will make for the welfare of the patient, frugal, toiling millions who usually fall between the upper and nether millstones in similar events. Criticism is directed against the incapables who misgovern them, the corrupt who batten upon them, the visionaries who misguide them. These are among their afflictions, and "if affliction is good for the soul" the Chinese soul has received its full measure of good—but, whatever the origin of its excellence, we need, as Mr. Bland says, "no better proof of the inherent moral qualities and social virtues of the

Chinese than that Europeans who have lived amongst them speak of them with affection, leave them with regret", and retain an abiding interest in their welfare.

PARLIAMENTARY MEMORIES.

"Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons." By the late Sir Richard Temple Bart. M.P. Edited by his Son. London: Murray. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

"Our Book of Memories: Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed." London: Chatto and Windus. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

LORD SHELburne said of Bubb Dodington (Lord Melcombe) that "he was one of those people—and it is common enough—whom you see living in the world, desiring to know everything, and knowing nothing". That is an exact description of the late Sir Richard Temple. He was one of the most industrious men that ever lived, and he worked himself up to be Governor of Bombay by vigour and method and an infinite capacity of taking pains. He came into the House of Commons late in life, and the training of an Indian Civil servant is not a good preparation for that Assembly: doing and talking are so very different! The first shock which Sir Richard Temple experienced was his discovery that the House of Commons was more anxious to hear young Mr. George Curzon, who had only been in India as a globe-trotter, on the Manipoor tragedy than himself. His second shock was worse. Sir Richard had sent a friend to whisper to Lord Randolph Churchill, who was leading the House, the important news that Sir Richard Temple wished to speak on an Indian amendment to the address. Lord Randolph's answer was more pointed than polite, and reached the astonished ears of the ex-Governor in its original words: "Tell him that I cannot undertake to lead the House if every damned fool pushes his personal pretensions on me". It was all very puzzling, and poor Sir Richard was content to bury his Indian experience on the newly created, now defunct, London School Board. "Dicky" Temple never did understand politics or politicians, though he tried very hard to do so, as these diaries and sketches published by his son prove. He lived amongst great men, whom he tried to know, but on whose faces the mere mention of his name excited a broad smile. His appearance of course was irresistibly comic: he was totally devoid of the sense of humour: he took everybody seriously; and in consequence his judgment of his contemporaries, when it is not perfectly conventional, is hopelessly wrong. Let anyone who was in the 1886 Parliament consider his appreciation of Mr. Akers Douglas on page 360. "Akers-Douglas is the senior Conservative Whip. . . . This work Akers Douglas performs admirably and efficiently, and withal popularly. He has every external advantage: an engaging aspect, mien and manner, a tall figure, and somewhat military gait, and looks right well as, night after night, he walks up to the table as senior Teller to read out the numbers of the victorious party divisions. He has charming manners, and a wondrous suavity in meeting the wishes and consulting the convenience of members of all manner of tempers and idiosyncrasies." Ex uno disce omnes. All Sir Richard Temple's character-sketches of his contemporaries, friends and foes alike, are marked by the same indiscriminate praise, and are therefore, however amiable, quite worthless. Nevertheless to some future historian this careful and painstaking record of the happenings of two eventful years (1885-7) may be useful.

A very different chronicler is Mr. Justin McCarthy, who tried to combine the work of a leader-writer, novelist, critic of belles-lettres, historian, and Nationalist member of Parliament. That he failed goes without saying, for "in Fortune's Bridewell whipped to the laborious task of bread" he set himself a task beyond the powers of man. He entered into a literary partner-

ship with Mrs. Campbell Praed for the production of novels, whose merits we need not here discuss. He wrote an almost nightly leading article for the "Daily News", and articles in the English and American reviews and magazines. He wrote a life of Sir Robert Peel and a History of England. He attended regularly in the House of Commons during years when all-night sittings were frequent, and when Parnell was deposed owing to the O'Shea divorce case, Mr. McCarthy was chosen to succeed him as leader of the Home Rulers. These letters to Mrs. Campbell Praed are the pathetic story of an over-driven man and his inevitable breakdown. Mr. Justin McCarthy was a gentle, refined, second-rate man of letters, who was utterly out of his element in the rough-and-tumble of Irish politics. The pressure of his circumstances must not blind us to the inferior quality of his political writings. His Life of Peel and his History of England are the very worst kind of pot-boilers. A man may write as many leaders, novels, plays, magazine articles as he can in order to live, and no one can complain of their flimsiness. But when it comes to so-called history the case is different, for there his superficiality and inaccuracy are, in a literary sense, crimes against education. As a public speaker Mr. McCarthy was feeble and ineffective, having a thin voice, and no time to prepare. As the leader of the Nationalist party he was "a transient and embarrassed phantom", to borrow Disraeli's description of Lord Goderich. This volume does not tell us nearly as much about the inner politics of the Parnellite party as Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life of Parnell". Except as a monument of a very pleasant collaboration between two literary people, we fail to discern the object in giving this correspondence to the public.

A CRAM-BOOK ON MODERN ITALY.

"United Italy." By F. M. Underwood. London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d.

WHY must everybody write about Italy? Here we have another of the many books put forth annually, and it would seem by machinery, on the well-worn topic of Italy United—or otherwise. The Italians themselves are beginning to grow restive under this unceasing shrapnel fire of print directed at them, their country, and their habits; but let them comfort themselves with the thought that doubtless before long the literary batteries will be aimed at the new quarry now springing into view, and very soon we shall be all meekly reading and reviewing histories and stories in every form and edition of the Balkan States!

If regarded as a manual for students scurrying through "contemporary history", "United Italy" may be of use with its lists of leading Italian statesmen and its statistics as to increase of Customs, railways etc., but as a history it is too much disconnected in its treatment of the subject to be of value. The book can however claim the virtue of being, on the whole, free from those unnecessary enthusiasms, either for or against "Terza Italia", which pervade most works of a similar character. With the exceptions of a very rosy portraiture of the present king, and a very Protestant version of one or two incidents concerning Pope Pius X. and his predecessor Leo XIII., "United Italy" is quietly if prosaically written, and with an optimistic tendency which would very much please the modern Italian—if such a person ever happened on Mr. Underwood's book. Pages 191, 192 of chapter viii. (South Italy) are indeed optimism in excelsis, but that is perhaps to qualify the severe delineation of the Italian character in the beginning of the same chapter. Truth too has a wilful way of coming out sometimes, and the paragraph on Nathan, present Mayor of Rome, is worth quoting in the hope that English "freemasons" (of whom are worthy fathers of families and Canons of the Church of England) may read and note: "The

semi-clericals . . . were swept away by the 'Bloc', which brought to the position of first magistrate in the centre of Christendom Signor Ernesto Nathan, a Londoner by birth but a naturalised Italian . . . a Jew by race, ex-Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, who in Italy have as main object to fight the Papacy"; also to fight Christianity. Equally true is the statement regarding the scope of the Monster Monument in Rome: "This immense erection (which 'dominates Rome on every side' and is dedicated to King Victor Emmanuel) by which United Italy desires to assert her presence and permanence in the Eternal City . . ."

On the increasing lines of railway we do not doubt Mr. Underwood's figures, but, having frequently to travel on them, we could wish they were decreasing! For the total incapacity of the officials from station-masters down to porters to cope with what they already possess renders travelling in "United Italy" the most hateful process we know, while that racial characteristic of unpunctuality (which unfortunately does not tend to the unification of the Regno) prevents any confidence as to when one can start or arrive. It is true that Mr. Frewen Lord once singled out for admiration in the "Nineteenth Century" the railways of Italy, but the fact that he praised the internationally worked "direttissimo" from Rome to Berlin did not prevent his eulogy from being unique; and most Italian travellers share our opinion as to the present state of their railways.

Apropos of the author's evident sympathy with the present King of Italy and his politics, the assertion that the result of the royal influence in "tacitly permitting strikes which he thought just" has caused "Socialism to a great extent to lose its power" and Anarchism to be "hardly ever heard of" is absurd! It is notorious in Italy that the King's politics are practically nil, also that the best Italians of all parties are crusading against Socialism in its worst form, which is hideously on the increase among the working classes.

The chapter on the thorny subject of "Church and State" will pass muster with Protestant readers knowing nothing personally of Italy or Italians, but the ingenuous remarks for instance on "Modernism" recall an old proverb as to what occurs when "angels fear to tread".

The book's use to the English schoolboy lies in the lists (with short biographical notices attached) of names of leading Italian authors, poets, sculptors, painters—all modern of course. The book is on the whole quite a good specimen of what we classify as "the slightly superfluous" book on long-suffering Italy.

HOW THEY LIVE IN "AMERICA'S LONDON".

"The Heroine in Bronze." By James Lane Allen. London: Macmillan. 1912. 6s.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN is an American author of a number of romances which have been received, in this country also, with great favour. We have no claim to say anything about them, or the reputation which they have brought Mr. Allen, except to suggest that without that reputation Mr. Allen would not have succeeded in getting this book published. He calls it, by way of alternative title, "A Portrait of a Girl", and by way of sub-title, "A Pastoral of the City". In the first person singular he tells the story of Donald Clough, "a youth two seasons out of college and dowered as to fortune with one dry rectangle of university parchment and twenty-two green years", who lives in New York—or, as Mr. Allen puts it in an epigram characteristically flat, "America's London"—and writes stories, and worships Muriel Dunstan. This girl, the subject of the portrait, had flashed upon an astonished world as the speaker of a Commencement Essay at her college, an essay recited to a "delirious

audience", and one which knocked professors as well as Mr. Clough endways with admiration. She lived in a house which—with its "yard"—requires seventeen pages of Mr. Clough's description, together with her father, the "Commodore", her divorced aunt, and some brothers. The house stands far from America's London's central roar, and the yard is as flowery as Mr. Clough's description can make it. Hither, one fine morning of June—"the budding month of June"—comes Mr. Clough to announce to the lady the birth in his own mind of an original story, a perfect love-story of a youthful pair. Mr. Clough sees Miss Dunstan in the yard, and flirts with her through the hedge—we beg America's pardon; let us withdraw the odious expression, the frank statement of a coarse Britisher. The youthful pair exchange, in brisk camaraderie, sallies of delicate wit; Mr. Clough piquing Miss Dunstan's feminine curiosity with a tale of his youth and a certain "she" with whom he went a-picking blackberries; Miss Dunstan displaying a thoroughly ladylike jealousy, and asking after some hesitation if Mr. Clough had kissed the fair "she". It goes on for page after page; and next day Mr. Clough returns, to give a further exhibition of America's London's true refinement—still through the hedge.

Having now indicated the dilatory elaboration of Mr. Clough's manner of telling his Pastoral of the City, we may perhaps tell the actual story rather more quickly. He tells Miss Dunstan that the plot of his wonderful idyll is that of an enthralled youth listening to the declamation of a Commencement Essay by the heroine and falling in love with her and courting and winning her. Miss Dunstan naturally thinks that Mr. Clough means to "cover", as journalists say in America's London, the story of her own life, and draws in the horns of amiability. She goes touring to Europe, leaving Mr. Clough to write his story and keep a "chose vue" diary through the torrid summer of America's London. She comes back in October, after six months of typhoid instead of touring, and he reads the wonderful story. The plot is as he had outlined it, but, O wonder of wonders and extremely happy surprise! it is set back three-quarters of a century ago. So all is forgotten and nearly all is given away; but we have only got to p. 200 yet, and that is much too short for six shillings. The youthful pair begin once more to exchange, in brisk camaraderie, sallies of delicate wit. The "chose vue" diary-book proves an enormous success; a cheque for royalties arrives in January; and in June Mr. Clough marries Miss Dunstan. There are further sallies, which take the reader to p. 274.

We do not feel bound to warn readers that some fifty-five thousand words is not much for six shillings, because we really believe a book's value depends on the quality and not on the quantity of the verbiage; but we do feel bound to say that at least thirty thousand of the words might be deleted without detracting from the story, and without depreciating the value, in our estimate, of Mr. Allen's work. The feeling that "The Heroine in Bronze" gives us is similar to that which one might harbour on approaching the banks of a beautifully wooded and mossy-banked stream, and finding that the bed was filled with a runlet of artificial scented water, slightly turbid with the soapy lustration of an American Pan up-stream. The book advertises the modern American's worship of his own pure, bright, crisp and sparkling American College Girl, with her demure vacuity of mind and effervescence of high-pressure "culture". Mr. Clough is of the same nature, but male, and even less tolerable. We do not feel sure whether his "res augusta domi" is a misprint in the English edition or a joke in the original American; we dare not suppose it a slip of "culture", for in that case the phrase "which is very good Latin for the American day of small things" would present a fearfully welcome double meaning. Good literature in the Anglo-Saxon tongue is being produced in America; but "The Heroine in Bronze" is shoddy.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Commercial Laws of the World." Vol. XVI. "British Dominions and Protectorates in Asia." Vol. XVIII. "Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands." London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1912. 42s. net.

Two more volumes of this series have recently been issued, and in them the lion's share of the task has been undertaken by Professor Huberich. He has dealt with Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, Cyprus, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and the many minor British Colonies and Dependencies in the East; while the law of India itself has been fully and carefully compiled by Professor Baptista, late of the Law School of Bombay. By far the greater part of the work consists simply of the collection of statutes and ordinances; but the careful historical summary which Professor Baptista gives of the sources of Indian law will be very useful, and he supplements it by a valuable table of Indian Acts arranged according to the subjects to which they apply. Discussion of principles and reference to decided cases are apparently regarded as not necessarily within the scope of the author's duty, and would, no doubt, expand the volumes to an unmanageable size; but one feels the want of them, especially in relation to that wonderful piece of codification the Indian Contract Act, associated with the name of Sir James FitzJames Stephen, which, with its simplicity of expression and its explanatory illustrations, sets an example which other Legislatures might do well to follow. Professor Huberich, however, in his part of these volumes adds here and there short notes and quotes cases, particularly when he is dealing with Australasia; but when one considers the quantity of notes which accompany each section of any English Act the wonder is whether codification has really brought our Colonies so near to the legal millennium when every Act explains itself.

"The Holy War in Tripoli." By G. F. Abbott. London: Arnold. 1912. 15s. net.

Mr. Abbott writes so well, and his experiences are so illuminating, that we can forgive his book for being a day after the fair. The war in Tripoli is now almost forgotten. It is true this was often its fate during the year it lasted! There probably never was in the whole course of history a similar case where one side, being so enormously superior in equipment, numbers, and at the same time being masters of the sea, yet showed so little initiative. Mr. Abbott seems to attribute this entirely to Italian cowardice. We think it is to be explained quite as much by a nervous dread of rousing resentment at home. No troops could ever be made adepts at desert warfare when brought home every few months. Mr. Abbott's accounts of the Italian cruisers throwing mountains of shells on unoccupied sand-heaps is certainly amusing. But what is Italy hoping to do now with her barren conquest? We have just learned that she has established a Ministry for the Colonies, with, of course, an army of officials occupying a huge gaunt stucco palace in Rome. But how is she intending to civilise and reduce to order the new province, much more make money out of it? According to Mr. Abbott, the Arab despises the Italians much more than he hates them, though he does that badly enough. He can hardly have a very friendly feeling for the Turks, who have left him in the lurch. One thing is clear from Mr. Abbott's book—that the Young Turks showed themselves as lacking in all power of organisation and foresight in Tripoli as they have since in the Balkans. Had the Italians shown as much enterprise as the Servians, or even the Greeks, they must have crushed Turkish resistance in Tripoli in a fortnight. We are glad to see Mr. Abbott brings out some of the good qualities of the Turk, particularly his boundless hospitality; but is it credible that the Italians gave the Turks notice of their intention to land by means of messages thrown overboard in bottles, so that they should have a good excuse for not landing when they found the chosen spot held in strength? Ben trovato, at all events. An almost identical story, however, was current in Crete about the mutual raids of Christian and Moslem.

"The Personality of Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose. London: Bell. 1912. 5s. net.

As Dr. Rose pursues his studies of Napoleon and his epoch his judgment mellows and his admiration for the great central figure grows. In the "Life" he hardly seemed to have risen to the grandeur of his subject; in this little volume, his latest contribution, he almost appears as a hero-worshipper. It is difficult even a century after to preserve an entirely impartial attitude when writing or lecturing on Napoleon, but in these, the "Lowell" lectures, delivered in Boston, the author manages to strike the happy mean. He takes two points, which we do not say are new, but

which certainly need emphasising. Napoleon's position in 1802 was more secure and splendid than at Tilsit in 1807; he then had the choice of acquiring a world-empire either in the East or the West, and his mind had not been victimised by megalomania, as it certainly was by 1807. He had not then arrived at the stage of believing that he could do anything. He sold Louisiana to the United States much against his will, but because he saw the necessity of clearing away his liabilities in one part of the world or the other. He also saw that he was giving England a certain enemy for the future. The second point Dr. Rose develops satisfactorily is that Napoleon's outstanding calmness in going to Elba was due to well-founded hope, but he came back from Elba too late, just as he broke the Peace of Amiens too soon. In this book Dr. Rose does not profess to throw new light on Napoleon's personality, but it is a comprehensive, and for its purpose adequate, sketch, with due acknowledgments to earlier workers in the same field, such as Mr. Oscar Browning.

'The Fourth Generation.' Reminiscences. By Janet Ross. London: Constable. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Ross has already given us several very readable books. This is a sequel to "Three Generations of English Women", and like many sequels is not worthy of its predecessor. The author seems to have put in the material she rightly omitted from the first. Who wants to know that "we were pleased with S. Malo and with Avranches, and wildly delighted with Mont S. Michel"? Besides, not all the letters of illustrious people are interesting, and there are many such here. It is rather amusing to find Mrs. Ross publishing a letter from Sir Arthur Gordon, written from Hawarden in 1892, and describing an adventure of Mr. Gladstone with a cow, "which I do not think is generally known". Certainly for a week or two at the time it was the principal subject for the jests of the profane in this country, and the admiring comments of the faithful. There are one or two really amusing letters from Mark Twain, but we do not need to be informed that Lord Cromer called on Mrs. Ross when she was at Cairo in 1903, nor that her personality as an inhabitant of the hotel was much more obsequiously recognised in consequence. The story of Sir James Lacaita and Lord John Russell has already been told several times, and has become an historical "chestnut", though interesting once.

Among the new volumes in Messrs. Dent's excellent series of "Everyman" reprints are to be noted Roget's "Thesaurus", in two volumes (1s. net each), and W. Cobbett's "Rural Rides", two volumes (1s. net each). Roget is more useful than many a dictionary, and rightly used—which is sparingly used—makes for the writing of good English. It has been revised by Mr. Boyle, and its form is neat. The type is excellent.

"Sutton's Seeds", 1913.

'Kelway's Manual', 1913.

Should not our professional horticulturists allow us to turn the year's corner before asking us to consider seeds? Once in the new year, we may fairly turn our thoughts springward, but it is tempting Providence to be dwelling on next year's flowers before Christmas, when hardly a feel of winter has come upon us. But "business is business". To be first before the public apparently gives a catalogue a pull. Certainly both of these are very well got up. Messrs. Kelway's is, of course, the more attractive volume, having many more coloured plates; but it is meant to cover the whole varying year; while Messrs. Sutton's deals with seeds only. We note that "Kelway's Manual" is "not now" revised annually. Is not this a serious admission? What is the good of dating a catalogue "1913", if its contents remain as they were for 1912? Maybe, however, revision is intended to mean something more elaborate than the mere inclusion of novelties and so forth. We have neither time nor space for detailed examination of these catalogues, but if there is no attempt to bring the "Manual" up-to-date annually, we must say it is a serious defect in an unusually good work of the kind.

THE DECEMBER REVIEWS.

The various phases of the Balkan problem, international, racial and religious, are all represented in the December Reviews. The "Nineteenth Century" has two articles, one by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, "For El Islam"—a defence of Moslem treatment of Christians and a suggestion that the aim of the Allies is nothing nobler than a wholesale slaughter of Mohammedans; the other a brief survey by Mr. J. W. Ozanne, who in no way shares Mr. Pickthall's views. He

finds the rule of Abdul Hamid infamous, and that of the Young Turks worse. Mr. Ozanne traces the trouble largely to the suspicions entertained of the Christians by the Committee of Union and Progress. In the "Fortnightly" "Politicus" anticipates the creation of a powerful Slavonic Balkan State, which will be a source of strength to the Triple Entente. "The downfall of Turkey, whilst greatly strengthening the Slavonic nations, has at the same time greatly weakened the Triple Alliance, and especially Germany and Austria-Hungary. Turkey had always been considered by Germany and Austria-Hungary as a most valuable ally in case of a war with Russia, and lately also in case of a war with Great Britain." "Politicus" regards a great war between the Slavonic and Germanic nations as inevitable sooner or later, and supports his view by statistics showing how much faster the population of Russia is growing than the population of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Miss Edith Sellers follows with a long account of King Charles, and what he has accomplished in Roumania: his people are "keenly alive to the fact that it is now their King who holds the balance in the Balkans, let King Peter and Tsar Ferdinand gain what victories they may". Sir Arthur Evans in the "Contemporary" expresses his conviction that the Balkan League was no mere casual alliance for temporary ends. Its foundation was due to the instinct of self-preservation, and its objective carries it much further than the war. "Nor is it only in the department of Foreign Affairs that the Allies are associated. The combination is to extend to other matters. Not, perhaps, an actual Zollverein, but a Customs Convention, including at least mutual preference, is one of the objects in view. Some kind of Postal Union is also spoken of, and the junction of the Balkan railways and the extension of the system on lines reciprocally agreed on is a natural aim. The tendency, it will be seen, is towards a real Federation". Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson in the same pages tells us that Austria-Hungary is adopting an attitude of "sweet reasonableness" in contrast with her previous "haughty tactlessness". "It is the growing consciousness of grave omissions in her past policy, and of the need for its complete readjustment, which has dictated Austria-Hungary's moderate attitude in the initial stages of the war."

What has happened to Turkey has turned the thoughts of Captain Cecil Battine to what might happen to Great Britain if war were suddenly sprung upon us. Writing in the "Fortnightly" on the Turkish Débâcle he says: "It is pertinent to inquire whether six divisions of foot and one of horse, some 100,000 combatants, form a sufficiently strong field army to represent Britain in the next war, if there is a war. Seeing that Bulgaria with a military Budget of less than two millions can mobilise 200,000 troops in first line, and half as many in second line, how is it that our War Administration, with a thirty million Budget, can produce such a miserable result?" In the "National Review" "Navalis" frankly treats the naval situation as

(Continued on page 744.)

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the outcome of the policy of our Young Turks. "The Young Turks divided the Turkish nation by persecuting their political opponents and carrying a vendetta into the Turkish army. Theirs was, in fact, the venomous policy of Mr. Lloyd George. Our Young Turks are persecuting and ruining by unjust taxation those who have opposed their schemes. The Young Turks of the Near East disdained all warnings and overwhelmed with insult the best and wisest men their country possessed. Our Young Turks denounce Lord Roberts as a firebrand and a fool for the crime of pointing out to his country the danger before it; they have driven Lord Charles Beresford from the Navy, and deprived him of the promotion which was his due, simply because his voice has been raised again and again to warn the nation that the Navy is being betrayed". And the darkest sign of all, in the opinion of "Navalis", is "the utter indifference with which the country watches the slow, steady, relative decline of its sea power". The "National" reprints in full Lord Roberts' speech on the Territorial Force, and in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" Mr. F. E. Smith disposes of the red herring which has been drawn across Lord Roberts' earlier speech in Manchester. Mr. Smith shows how ridiculous it is to pretend that any German has cause to resent Lord Roberts' warning. Incidentally he takes the opportunity of flatly contradicting the suggestion that the Conservative party is antagonistic to Germany. No more profound misapprehension ever existed, he says, than that the Unionists would seek a pretext for war with Germany. "The Unionist Party would regard such a war as the same crime against civilisation which it would seem to the general mass of English citizens. There is hardly any sacrifice which we would not make to avoid such a war, and it is because we are certain that the way to avoid it is to be strong that we recommend to our country men the sacrifices involved in national service".

"Benjamin Disraeli" is this month the subject of Blackwood's "Musings." The ideals and policy of Young England, fathered upon Bolingbroke, are admirably discussed; together with the main incidents of Disraeli's career as a "light-horseman". "Blackwood" thus holds the scales between Peel and Disraeli: "Peel was left, like Napoleon after Moscow, without his army. Artistically, oratorically, morally, the victory remained with Disraeli. We say 'morally', because we quite agree with Mr. Monypenny that 'there is not only a moral but an intellectual integrity, and in the intellectual virtue Peel was as much the inferior of Disraeli as in the moral he was superior'."

Mr. Arthur Ricketts in the "Fortnightly Review" writes of "Stage Decoration". His article is a strong indictment of the English theatre. We lack the right people, Mr. Ricketts maintains, on both sides of the curtain; as well as a sensibly constructed theatre in which they may come together. Most important of all is the need for intelligent and interested playgoers—"a willing and responsive audience and Press, such as a football match is able to secure, one that will pay and watch the game; in this Germany is splendid and beyond praise. The new German theatre has the compact and convinced audience we find in England only in music-halls and football finals. The difficulties of arrivals, the longing to depart in time for suppers or trains, is not the foremost thought of a German in a theatre; our audiences seem to think of nothing else".

To judge from slices of Japanese drama translated for us by Mr. Yoshio Markino, and published this month in the "Nineteenth Century", the modern Japanese audience is not unlike the Elizabethan English. The scene where a father leaps with his son into a pot of boiling oil rather than give away the secrets of his companions in arms would have roused the envy of Webster. Mr. Markino tells us he has attained the "medium sense between the East and West". Certainly his position as an interpreter makes his article extremely interesting; though we confess we are a little tired of his Japanese English. In one way, at any rate, the Japanese theatre beats the English. It collects an audience of which Mr. Ricketts would undoubtedly approve, "I think", says Mr. Markino, "Japanese actors are having better time than the English actors. For the playgoers' point of view is different between two countries. I often hear the English people say 'O, I am tired and feel dull. Let's go to the theatre to-night'. They go to the theatre for refreshing. The Japanese would say 'O, I don't feel well enough to go to the theatre to-day'. They go to the theatre as their hard work all day, and they have the tendency to prefer seeing the same play over and over again than to see new plays, for they can criticise the same acts by the different actors."

For this Week's Books see page 746 and 748.

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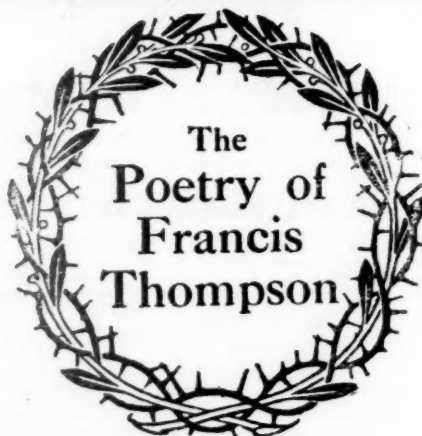
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ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS.

A STRONG AND SATISFACTORY POSITION.

THE Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Limited, was held on Thursday, the Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., C.B. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. C. W. Mann, F.C.I.S.) having read the notices,

The Chairman said: The share capital remains the same as last year. The share premium account has been dealt with in the manner approved at the last annual meeting. Sundry creditors represent amounts owing by the corporation at June 30, which, of course, have since that date been liquidated. On the other side of the balance sheet the balance of the purchase of our lease and the expenditure on firewood concessions represent £3819. We have expended on plant, machinery, and buildings during the twelve months £40,792. Our cash in hand at June 30 amounted to £147,257, or an increase over last year of about £7000; but in the period we paid away in dividends an additional £26,782. In the profit and loss account, on the credit side, you will notice the value of gold won from current working was £474,365; a profit of £7436 was made on the re-treatment of old tailings, and sundry receipts amounted to £4863, making a total of £486,665. Expenses on current working were £272,240, leaving a distributable profit of £214,425. The directors' further remuneration absorbed £11,936 of this, and £187,002 was paid away as dividends, the balance of £15,487 being added to the amount brought forward from last year, thus giving us a credit balance on profit and loss account of £76,168 at June 30 last. Our investments stand at £56,160, the same figure as last year. The shares in the Ashanti-Oboasi Trading Company are yielding a good return, and are worth considerably more than the figure at which they appear in the accounts. Ashanti Goldfields Territorial are continuing systematic prospecting operations, but we have not yet received from them any notice of the discovery of a mine suitable either for working on joint account or for separate flotation under the terms of the contract. Ashanti Rivers and Concessions are, I am informed, prospecting over an area which gives promise of good results. Returning to the matter of plant and machinery, one of the principal items is the addition of two units to our central treatment plant, which now consists of seven units. With your permission, I shall now make a few observations on points arising out of the consulting engineer's report which is before you. You will have noticed that the rate of gold production has been maintained at about £40,000 per month, and the fact that this rate has only entailed a relatively insignificant reduction in the profit value of the existing ore reserve is the best indication that it has not been put either extravagantly high or too low. The provision we have now made for treating larger quantities of ore by roasting and cyaniding enables me to state with confidence that we can meet the falling off in the treatment of Justice's oxidised ore by an increased tonnage and yield from other sources, and that for the ensuing twelve months, at least, no difficulty can be foreseen in maintaining an average of £40,000 monthly yield from approximately the same monthly tonnage as at present, say, 12,000 to 13,000 tons. I may go further and point out that the present actually calculable ore reserve, which is equivalent to about two and a-half years of profit at the same rate as we are at present earning, does not in any way represent the total profitable life of the mines. On our own past experience—and in saying this I am giving you the considered opinion of the consulting engineer—we are justified in looking forward to a good many years of substantial profit-earning, although it is, of course, impossible to say that the rate of profit will always remain as at present. Last year, at our annual meeting, I mentioned that we wished to build up a cash reserve and had at that date about £30,000, out of which would have to be paid the construction and equipment then in hand. The expenditure on this up to June 30 last amounted to about £41,000, leaving us a balance of £29,000; but, concurrently, during the twelve months we have been able to add about £20,000, and therefore we shall start the new year with a cash reserve of about £60,000 to meet further capital expenditure. The only important new equipment immediately asked for, and which is already ordered, is the 400 horse-power gas engine, which we estimate will cost, complete and erected, about £10,000. This being our fifteenth annual meeting, it seems to me to be a favourable opportunity to say just a few words by way of retrospect. When the corporation was formed, in 1897, we had only our own friends and the nominees of the vendor company as shareholders. To-day the number of shareholders is 5010. The original issued share capital was £114,000, made up of £50,000 in shares allotted as fully paid to the vendors and £64,000 in cash. To-day our capital is, in round figures, £214,000. Operations were started in 1897, in an unknown country, utterly devoid of transport facilities. By March, 1898, we were able to commence crushing. All our machinery was sectionalised, having been carried up on men's heads. It included a small battery of five light stamps, the crushing capacity being about 250 tons monthly. To-day our entire plant is of the most modern description, and the reduction works are capable of treating over 15,000 tons per month. Up to November 30 last gold to the value of £2,640,000 has been won. Dividends paid amount to £934,665, and we have paid to the Government £139,734 for royalty. I now move: "That the report of the directors, dated December 4, 1912, and the auditors, dated November 27, 1912, and the accounts for the year ended June 30, 1912, be received, approved, and adopted."

Mr. George Edwards (Deputy Chairman) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

An extraordinary general meeting was then held, when special resolutions dealing with the remuneration of the directors were carried, after an amendment, moved by Mr. Mayer, to the effect that the same be left to the shareholders in general meeting to vote any amount they pleased in addition to the fixed fees, had been defeated.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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